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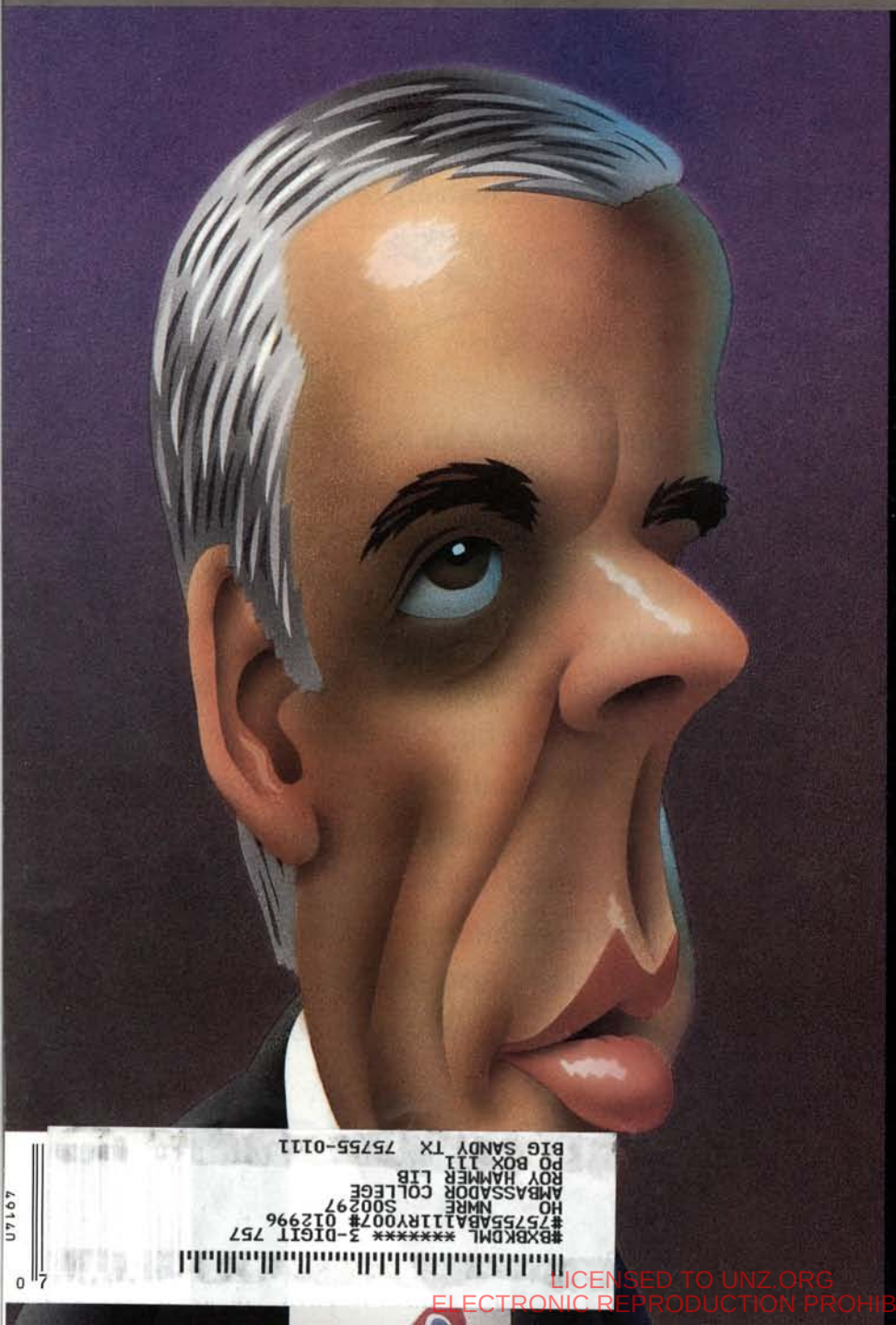

Tony Coelho and the Death of the Democrats

by Ruth Shalit

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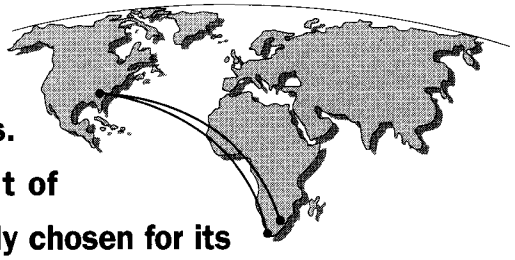

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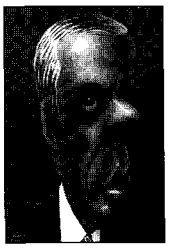

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CORRESPONDENCE

Young girls

To the editors:

Mickey Kaus calls welfare for young mothers a "crucial ... values issue" and speculates that limiting it will "discourage young girls who [haven't] become single mothers from going on the dole" ("They Blew It," December 5, 1994). Aside from the fact that nearly all teen mothers were poor before they had babies, "young girls" do not "become" mothers all by themselves.

Research consistently has shown that two-thirds of teenage mothers are past victims of sexual abuses inflicted by men averaging more than 25 years old. Near-complete California records show that 71 percent of the state's 47,000 births among school-age girls in 1993 were fathered by adult men averaging more than 22 years old. Poverty among young mothers results from the failure of fathers, nearly all adult men, to support or help raise their children.

What kind of values system condemns "12-year-olds who have babies," but not the 30-year-old men who sexually abused them and the 22-year-old men who impregnated them? The evidence that unwed teenage motherhood is overwhelmingly an adult male behavior problem is taboo among Washington's bipartisan bash-teen-moms crusaders, who don't face the same harsh realities that young girls do. But I don't understand why the media refuse to deal with such easily documented, crucial facts.

MIKE MALES
Irvine, California

To the editors:

Mickey Kaus's conclusion that Clinton and the Democratic Party "blew it" on Election Day mainly because the White House did not push welfare reform is shallow and superficial. The Democrats "blew it" because many of the 60 percent of voters who chose not to cast their ballots that day saw little difference in the policies and campaign statements of most rival Republican and Democratic candidates. Clinton had little appeal to the urban "underclass" of America because he did not champion programs to revive the dying, poverty-ridden cities of America.

Under the leadership of future Speaker Newt Gingrich, Republicans are about to force thousands of needy men, women and children off the welfare rolls and to slash the taxes of the rich. This is not the time for Clinton to turn his back on the growing underclass in America. If he moves politically to the right, he will blow his chances of being re-elected.

DAVID S. BURGESS
Benicia, California

Disruption

To the editors:

It is refreshing to see a liberal who does not shy away from advocating good old-fashioned tax-and-spend liberalism ("What Bill Wrought" by Michael Lind, December 5, 1994). Liberals and New Democrats have been so caught up in trying to look like fiscal conservatives that they have failed to defend this country's vast economic successes from the period between World War II and the 1970s, when the top tax bracket was between 70 percent and 90 percent. During that period real private investment in the economy was actually higher than in the 1980s, when taxes on the rich sank to all-time lows.

Liberals must stress that they do not want to punish the wealthy for being "successful," but that an overwhelming number of statistics show that the economy runs better for more people when the top tax brackets are high and wealth is redistributed downward. This does not punish rich people; rather, it strengthens the society in which they became rich. In essence, it protects their gains by lessening the chances for civil disruption.

STEVEN HORN
Hollywood, California

To the editors:

Michael Lind's piece "What Bill Wrought" suffers from the fundamental misconception, common to many disappointed liberals, that somewhere in the United States resides, in Lind's words, a populist liberal majority.

The facts are that during the twentieth century only three Democratic presidents—Roosevelt, Johnson and Carter—have received a popular majority. All were elected in times of exceptional political and social upheaval. More telling, FDR's victories were based solidly on the conservative white domination of the South.

The recent elections did not pave the way for a populist liberal resurgence. Instead, they were an important step in the continued movement of conservatives in the South into the GOP. This movement promises to provide a nationwide anti-government, anti-redistributionist conservative base even stronger than that of the 1920s.

ROBERT HEINEMAN
Alfred, New York

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Sins of omission

To the editors:

Michael Kinsley's article "Money Talks" (November 28, 1994) confirms what I have suspected. As an American, the election results have worried me. What also worries me is that on the U.S. media available to us in South Africa—CNN—there is a parrot-like litany on the part of Republicans that the Democrats raised taxes and spent more on government. Nothing is ever said about their having reduced the deficit. What puzzles me is why neither the interviewers nor even the Democrats on the panels I have seen on CNN challenge or question these statements.

Before the election we should have had Kinsley's article and others like it attacking these inaccuracies. I've never heard anyone quoting a *New York Times* article that ran prior to the 1992 election about the Bush administration being responsible for increasing welfare expenditure. It is the media, by not refuting and attacking, that allows these omissions and falsehoods to be ingrained in voters' minds.

BABETTE KABAK
Johannesburg, South Africa

Hot pursuit

To the editors:

The Constitution does not, as Maggie Scarf writes, "grant us the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" ("The Happiness Syndrome," December 5, 1994). No government can do that. It was the Declaration of Independence that asserted those rights as God-given, unalienable rights. Nowadays, that concept of "human rights" is pretty much universal.

PAUL CONWAY
Oneonta, New York

Vile and loathsome

To the editors:

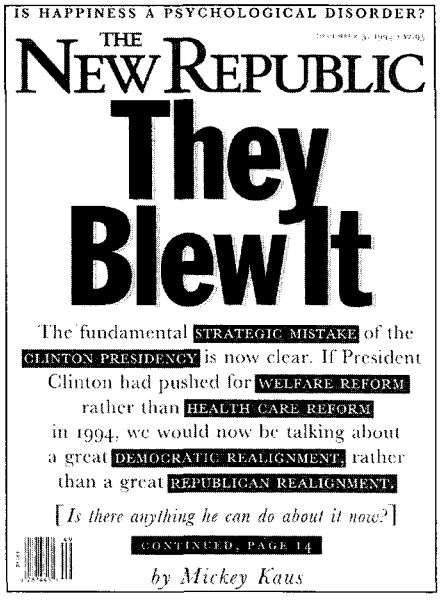
Regarding Peter Catalano's diatribe against the Catholic Church (Correspondence, December 26, 1994): his half-baked, half-witted attempts at satire ("sperm transmission of soulstain," indeed) not only fail to amuse, they offend—perhaps his intention. In any event, a more hate-filled, vile and loathsome, not to mention flat-out ignorant depiction of a major religion is hard to imagine. It is virtually impossible to imagine TNR running a similar letter about a different religion—Judaism, for example.

CHRISTOPHER COLLINS
Arlington, Virginia

Threepenny soap opera

To the editors:

In his article "In the Company of Women" (October 10, 1994), Robert Brustein's "evidence" for Brecht's authorship of *The Threepenny Opera* comes down to the statement that Brecht "might have exploited Hauptmann's translations for his own purposes." Brustein ignores that all the evidence from 1928 indicates it was Hauptmann's work, a German adaptation of Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*, done in the face of Brecht's hostility, that was first sold to the entrepreneur Aufricht. Aufricht said he was "immediately taken" with the "audaciousness and dry wit" of this version and determined then and there to


IS HAPPINESS A PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDER?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

They Blew It

The fundamental STRATEGIC MISTAKE of the CLINTON PRESIDENCY is now clear. If President Clinton had pushed for WELFARE REFORM rather than HEALTH CARE REFORM in 1994, we would now be talking about a great DEMOGRATIC REALIGNMENT, rather than a great REPUBLICAN REALIGNMENT.

[*Is there anything he can do about it now?*]

CONTINUED, PAGE 14

by Mickey Kaus

produce the play. Brustein is correct in claiming of *Threepenny*, "stylistically it is a whole new work." The 1928 evidence shows that the style of the new work was already in it before there is any evidence Brecht worked on it.

We also know from records of 1928 that when Brecht was persuaded to drop the two unsuccessful and unfinished plays he had been working on while Hauptmann was adapting Gay, he promptly ran into "writer's block." From Kurt Weill's account we know the "block" was removed by mining a book of Villon translations by K.L. Ammer. Brecht left Weill and Hauptmann in the South of France, worked on another play project and left for vacation. We next encounter him in Berlin three weeks into the *Threepenny* rehearsal process. Just before opening night, Brecht and Weill write the most famous song of the show, the "Moritat of Mack the Knife"—Brecht's only verifiable contribution to the text of the play. If Brustein has other evidence, he would do a service by bringing it forward.

What does Brustein have against actual evidence? Why, in Brustein's judgment, is the German scholar Klaus Völker (who, unlike Brustein, has worked for years on the original texts) wrong in attributing 80 percent of the basic fabric of *Threepenny* to Hauptmann? Why do Shull and Luchessi in looking at the earliest known version of the text see only Hauptmann's work in it? Why does Tom Kuhn of Oxford University say it has long been known that Hauptmann made massive contributions to many works? Why does the *Cambridge Companion to Brecht* list *Threepenny* as a Hauptmann, Brecht, Weill, K.L. Ammer text?

JOHN FUEGI
College Park, Maryland

Robert Brustein replies:

John Fuegi's letter gives the reader a fair impression of the way he uses hearsay, biographical gossip, unsupported assertions and reference to special "experts" to "prove" that Brecht didn't write his own plays. He asks me for "evidence" to the contrary. I would think the burden of proof was on the accuser. Nowhere in his long, feverish tract does Fuegi pause to provide the slightest material evidence for his extravagant assertions, other than the unsupported opinions of "experts." Well, many other "experts," including John Willett and Michael Feingold, remain unconvinced. The only persuasive proof of Hauptmann's authorship would be a close comparison of her original translation of *The Beggar's Opera* with the final text of *The Threepenny Opera*, but Fuegi offers not a single example of collation in his book, much less in his letter. It is obvious that Hauptmann's translation served as a basis for *Threepenny Opera*, but numerous poets and playwrights have used others' literal translations as a basis for their own more original creations. Anyone familiar with Hauptmann's *Happy End* can see she didn't have enough bite or mordancy to simulate the Brechtian style.

Ding dong

To the editors:

You are fully justified in pointing out ("Notebook," December 19, 1994) that your symposium on Charles Murray and Richard J. Herrnstein's *The Bell Curve* predated *National Review*'s by a month. My excuse is that our contributors had to read the book.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN
Editor, National Review
New York, New York

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FROM WASHINGTON

Dumb bell

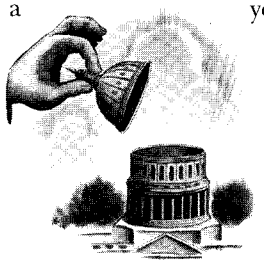
Are liberals ever going to feel silly when they hear about this! It turns out that discrediting Charles Murray doesn't require anywhere near all the huffing and puffing that consumed so much of our time this autumn. All you have to do is give Murray a pop quiz on his own book, *The Bell Curve*, and he takes care of the rest. The inventor of this technique is TNR's Mike Kinsley. A few weeks ago, on his CNN interview show "Heads Up," Kinsley asked Murray a simple question and got an amazing answer.

No doubt you've by now heard of "heritability." Via all known mass media, Murray has said that the heritability of I.Q. is roughly .6. What does that mean? Correct answer: that 60 percent of the *difference* in I.Q. scores among individuals in the population under study is due to genetic differences among those individuals. Thus if Bill (I.Q. 110) and Joe (120) are a typical pair, then six points of their ten-point I.Q. gap is due to Bill's genetic disadvantage and four points to his environmental disadvantage.

Okay, let's go to the videotape. Kinsley began by trying to dispel a common misinterpretation of heritability: that 60 percent of an individual's I.Q. is "determined" by the genes. He used this analogy: If you compare houses and find that most of the difference in their height is attributable to the differing shapes of their roofs, that doesn't mean that most of a given house's height is due to its roof, does it?

Apparently so. Murray answered: "When I—when we—say 60 percent heritability, it's not 60 percent of the variation. It is 60 percent of the I.Q. in any given person." Could someone please direct Murray's attention to page 106 of the book he says he co-authored? "Heritability ... measures the relative contribution of genes to the variation observed in a trait.... It makes no more sense to talk about the heritability of an individual's I.Q. than it does to talk about his birthrate." Presumably that passage was written by the late Richard Herrnstein, Murray's co-author. (Quasi-technical footnote: Murray is wrong not merely in stating that 60 percent of a person's I.Q. is genetic. He's wrong to think such a statement has any meaning. Trying to assign relative weights to genes and environment for a given trait in a given individual is like trying to say whether the wind or rain was more responsible for a particular hurricane. Both are essential, and that's all you can say. No sophisticated biologist would ever talk, as Murray does, of a particular person's trait—whether I.Q. or anything else—as being "X percent," or even "mostly," determined by either genes or environment.)

It's hard to believe Murray could be so confused about a topic so crucial to his book. But by the end of "Heads Up" he had left little doubt. He not only repeated that, for the average person, "60 percent of the intelligence comes from heredity"; he said this number applies to the "human species." Wrong again. Heritability estimates can't be extended beyond the population studied. Even if we assume that two societies have the same genetic composition, heritability may differ. The society with less variation in environmental circumstance will typically have higher heritability; its range of variation in (for example) I.Q. will be narrower, and the fraction of the variation accounted for by genetic variation will thus be higher. "Heritability" changes from place to place and time to time.



This point, too, is made in *The Bell Curve*, presumably by Herrnstein—who, after all, was a psychologist; Murray is a political scientist. It's tempting to conclude that Murray, seeking a vehicle for his right-wing baggage, hopped aboard Herrnstein's train without carefully inspecting it (then spent his book tour making whistle-stop speeches about the impregnable scientific research "Dick Herrnstein and I" dispassionately assembled). This temptation is especially strong for those of us who, during TNR's intramural squabble over publishing an article based on the book, argued that Murray was not someone this magazine should get in bed with.

Still, as appealing as I find the image of Murray parasitizing Herrnstein's brain, there's more to the story than that. Though Murray's solo remarks about heritability are cruder than the book's, the book is in some ways crude enough. After correctly noting that heritability estimates are peculiar to a given social environment, it goes on to discuss "the limits that heritability puts on the ability to manipulate intelligence." Specifically, the book says that, since heritability is .6, most of the variation in I.Q. would persist even if we realized the dream of perfectly equal developmental environments. So much for liberal millennialism!

This is misleading at best. In a normal environment, the heritability of phenylketonuria, a disease that produces mental retardation, is 1. If you have the gene for it, you get it—otherwise you don't. By *The Bell Curve*'s logic, this means that nothing can be done about the problem; environment plays no role in the trait's variation, so equalizing environments will have no effect. Right? Wrong. It turns out that if you put all infants on a diet low in the amino acid phenylalanine, the disease disappears.

Admittedly, phenylketonuria, the textbook example of the fallacy committed by Herrnstein and Murray, is too easy—a piece of cake compared with the depressingly stubborn social problems their book addresses. But the principle is general: do not be blinded by your environment, or by a brief and unsuccessful history of intervention, to the many interventions that remain untried. "Heritability" estimates apply only to the environment under study, and say *nothing at all* about how much, or how easily, a trait can be altered. (And, by the way, owing to inherent methodological problems, heritability estimates also say nothing at all about whether an I.Q. gap between ethnic groups is in any part genetic—a fact that, happily, *is* acknowledged in *The Bell Curve*.)

Upper-middle-class parents of preschoolers lately have been swapping anecdotes about how CD-ROM software can help a child's reading and math skills. It's possible that even now technology is creating a new environment for early education, in which the I.Q./heritability picture will look appreciably different. We simply don't know. But we do know that people like Murray, who talk mindlesssly about most of a person's intelligence being "determined by genes," influence the chances of taxpayers' ever buying such software for the inner city or Appalachia. We also know that, coincidentally, this is the same kind of influence Murray was having on policy years ago, even before he began his arduous research program in genetics.

ROBERT WRIGHT

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JANUARY 2, 1995

CLINTON'S OTHER WOMEN

The belated departure of Joycelyn Elders has prompted the usual conservative chorus about the failures of "diversity" appointments. We're not sure what's more irritating: the predictability of this told-you-so smugness, or its essential truth. Where Clinton bean-counted his way to appointments, he made some of his worst hires. Elders as surgeon general (a twofer!), Janet Reno as attorney general (the slot was reserved for a woman from the start) and Kristine Gebbie as AIDS "czar" come to mind as classic diversity failures. By any standards, these Clarence Thomases of the Clinton administration were not the most qualified to do their jobs. Once they had been hired, it was clear it would take a miracle to jump-start the Justice Department, or to get the government to start talking honestly about the spread of HIV. Two of them, fortunately, are now gone.

Happily, Bill Clinton also made some superb appointments of people whose gender was a bonus, not a qualification. We have in mind, among others, Madeleine Albright as ambassador to the United Nations, Laura Tyson as chair of the Council of Economic Advisers and Jamie Gorelick as No. 2 at the Justice Department. Each has quietly outshone many of her colleagues, male and female, with her professionalism, candor and, occasionally, courage. One way the president could resuscitate his administration, achieve diversity without sacrificing quality and appeal to the many female voters who dislike being stereotyped but admire meritocratic female achievement is to promote these women further. Albright should follow Warren Christopher and become our first female secretary of state; Tyson should replace Robert Rubin as he moves from National Economic Council head to Treasury secretary; Gorelick should formally take over the department she is all but running anyway, and be made attorney general.

The case for Albright is the most pressing, and perhaps the most complicated. The best argument, of course, is Warren Christopher. It's hard to think of any diplomat who would not look accomplished and decisive next to our current secretary of state. The second best is her record on Bosnia. Yes, she has gone along with the administration's acquiescence to British and French world-weariness and Serbian bullying. But, alone among the senior foreign policy officials, she seems to have grasped the moral and strategic significance of rewarding international aggression and genocide in the center of Europe. Had she, and not Christopher, been appointed from the beginning, it is conceivable that our failures in Bosnia would not have turned out so abject. And while Albright too often advocates multilateral solutions to problems that cannot be solved multilaterally, she knows when to be tough: take her resolute opposition to appeasing Saddam Hussein. She also understands, as Christopher and Clinton do not, that, in foreign policy, words are actions.

Tyson has similar strengths. We're not so keen on her sometimes elliptical leanings toward managed trade. But, she's a sophisticated thinker, and it wouldn't kill the administration to have a few more of those around. She has spent her career developing pragmatic ideas about how government can help ease the dislocation of an increasingly global economy and how it can encourage the emergence of strong, high-tech sectors. In tilting against the ideological market-worship of the Newtoids, Clinton could do far worse than pick Tyson, who is as intellectually rigorous as she is managerially competent.

Gorelick, for her part, has been largely responsible for the Justice Department's new focus and efficiency. Her politics are mercifully reconstructed, and she's no Clinton crony—a criterion that looks more and more refreshing in light of Webster Hubbell's fall. She has the ability, like Albright, to speak in recognizable English, and, unlike Reno, to speak sense about crime.

Since the election, the shell-shocked president has been in pathetic retreat. Many now counsel Clinton to lay low on appointments, fearful of the clash that nominations at State and Justice would provoke. (The economic post—a White House, not a Cabinet, position—wouldn't even need the Senate's O.K.) But it just might be time for Clinton to fight for a nomination or two, something he has repeatedly failed to do in the past. Especially since his chances for winning much significant legislation are diminished, he might as well take a stand on appointments. The public ought to recognize his right to pick his own aides, and the caliber of these women would shield him from much damage. Besides, pretty soon, as resignations mount, Clinton will have to reshuffle anyway. Why not take the offensive, dare the Republicans to bloody him—and score a few points for women's equality at the same time? •

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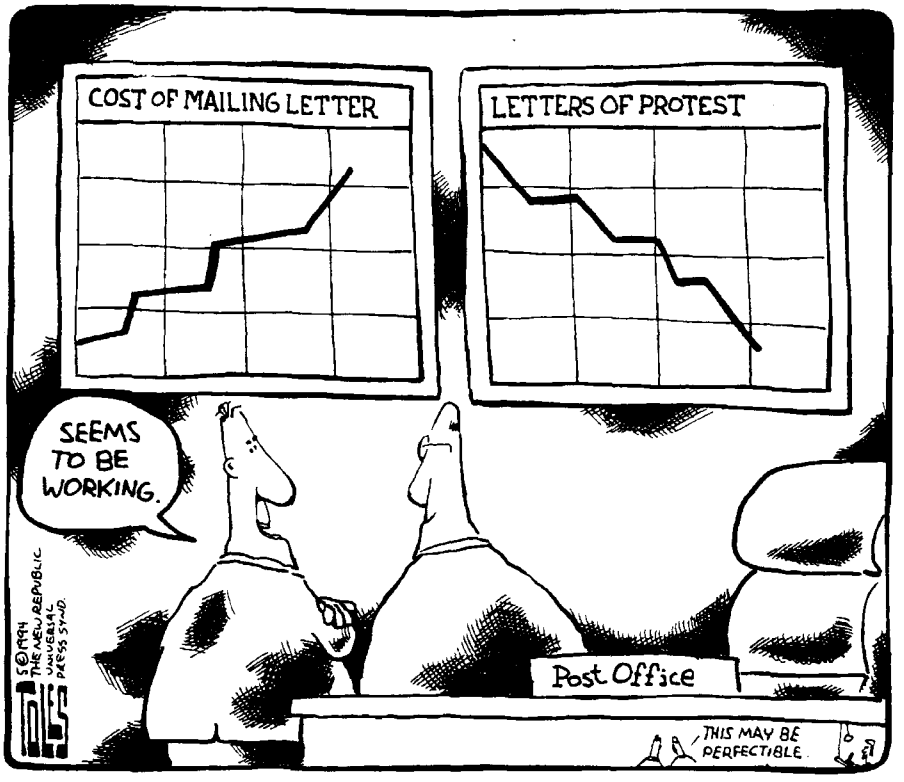
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: President Clinton fired Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders after learning she said masturbation is "part of something that perhaps should be taught" in schools. Jesse Jackson said that a forebear of the Christian Coalition "was a strong force in Germany. It laid down a suitable, scientific, theological rationale for the tragedy in Germany. The Christian Coalition was very much in evidence there." Seventy-year-old Israeli Yehia Avraham died a married man after spending thirty-two years in prison for refusing to grant his wife a divorce. Oliver North said, "I will be back. It's only a matter of time." Residents of Ecology House, the first subsidized apartment building built for people sensitive to soap, cosmetics and household chemicals, say the building emits odors that make them ill. An L.A. judge ruled that "Price is Right" co-host Diane Parkinson's sexual harassment suit against Bob Barker can proceed to trial. After posing as a 15-year-old cheerleader on the Internet, computer magazine editor Nancy Tamosaites received e-mail requests for her underwear and photographs of herself naked, as well as an invitation to live as a "female lifestyle submissive." House Republicans appointed the first female chairperson of a standing committee since 1976, the first female chairperson of an appropriations subcommittee since 1974 and the first ever Hispanic member of the Rules Committee. An Educational Testing Service review of 2,600 studies on higher education concluded that half of all college graduates can't understand a bus schedule. Push-up bra sales caused a 12 percent rise in 1994 underwear revenues. The Congressional Budget Office projected that annual federal spending on Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid will increase to $1.2 trillion. PNC Bank Corp. of Philadelphia determined the cost of the gifts in the carol "The Twelve Days of Christmas" to be $15,944.20.


COST OF MAILING LETTER
LETTERS OF PROTEST
SEEMS TO BE WORKING.
Post Office
THIS MAY BE PERFECTIBLE
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GINGRICH WATCH: No sooner had reporters recalled Newt Gingrich's past admission of youthful dope smoking than Gingrich began backpedaling on his allegation about the recreational histories of White House staffers. Not so fast. As usual, his hypocrisy is worth pausing to savor. Gingrich has said he smoked marijuana while in graduate school, which he didn't leave until age 27. So at age 32 he was presumably someone who had taken drugs within "the past five years"—just as (he alleges without proof) was true of one-fourth of the White House staff in 1993. Surely, in this youthful administration, more than one-quarter of the 1993 staff are 32 or younger. Thus, if Gingrich's charges are true, then the moral fiber of the White House is in fact *stronger* than it would be if the staff consisted entirely of Gingrich clones. And by the way, when Gingrich was in graduate school, he had children. Last week Republican Representative Jim Talent of Missouri, asked on NBC what circumstances would warrant sending a child to one of the orphanages Gingrich advocates, cited drug use by the parents. Does speaker-to-be agree?

HUD DUD: The White House, in budget documents leaked to *The New York Times*, has sketched out at least some good ideas for reforming the Department of Housing and Urban Development. For one, the administration may gut a regulation requiring that demolished public housing units be replaced one-for-one with new housing, of which half must be publicly owned. In Chicago, New Orleans and elsewhere, this 50 percent rule has hampered efforts to tear down crime-ridden, Stalinesque projects and give residents vouchers for privately owned apartments in less pathological neighborhoods. There's often a high return on vouchers: people who escape the inner city stay in school and keep jobs at higher rates than people who remain in poor neighborhoods. So far, so good. But the administration also wants to cut the dollar value of housing vouchers, in effect pricing poor people out of unshabby areas and

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keeping them warehoused within urban slums. The administration hasn't only tossed another unsolicited political bone to Republicans who would slash any social program, successful or failed, and who have never liked the possibility that a few poor kids might end up in their districts' public schools; it has also forsaken its professed commitment to policies that help the poor help themselves.

TRUE LOVE: Just as Suha Tawil, Yasir Arafat's young wife, joyously announced she is pregnant, the PLO leader's first wife emerged from hiding to darken the couple's bright day. The other woman, 65-year-old Najla Yassin, insists she is the only one who truly understands how to love the man: "When I would see he was nervous or tired," she reminisced to *The Washington Post*, "I would go out into the street and find a Palestinian child, and I'd say to him, 'Go to Abu Ammar; he wants to give you a Kalashnikov so you can fight the Jews.' The child would go in and ask Abu Ammar for a Kalashnikov. He would forget immediately his troubles. He would smile, he would kiss the child, and he would say to me, 'Do you see these? They are our future.' "

THIS JUST IN:

Reducing water wastage means less waste water

—*The Nation* of Bangkok, October 21
(Thanks to Tom Cole, Santa Rosa, California.)

Grade cards used to gauge student progress

—*Standard Democrat*, Sikeston, Missouri, November 14
(Thanks to Steve Mosley, Sikeston, Missouri.)

Lost pets are often confused

—*The Daily Record*, Ellensburg, Washington, October 31
(Thanks to Robert Fordan, Ellensburg, Washington.)

Denver school official to talk with his boss

—*The Pueblo Chieftain*, Pueblo, Colorado, December 5
(Thanks to Thomas Payne, Pueblo, Colorado.)

TO THE MAX:
"What the Clintons have to offer, in short, is what Max Weber called 'charismatic' leadership—the leadership of the chieftain whose authority depends on his ability to reward his followers directly."—Godfrey Hodgson, reviewing *On The Edge: The Clinton Presidency*, *The New York Times Book Review*, November 27

"Together, he and the candidate raid the party and carry off the glittering booty, much in the manner of the 'charismatic horde' of Max Weber's classic description of the different types of authority."—Godfrey Hodgson, reviewing *Quest for the Presidency 1992*, in *The Washington Post* Book World, same day •

THE PRESS

HISTORY LESSON

By Jon Wiener

Lynne Cheney wasn't gone long. The head of the National Endowment for the Humanities under Ronald Reagan and George Bush has jumped back into the news with her attacks on the National Standards for History, a guide for elementary and high school teachers. Ironically, though, her mode of return may have its benefits, for it shows how a false story, with the help of the right-wing media, can enjoy a fine run in the public forum.

The National Standards make for an unlikely victim. To begin with, they were financed by the Bush administration and were well underway by the time Cheney left the endowment. Moreover, they were put together not by some leftist coven, but by teachers, administrators, scholars and parents—along with organizations ranging from the American Association of School Librarians to the National Education Association. The standards express a consensus that the teaching of history, long in neglect, should be the centerpiece of the social studies curriculum. This should include coverage of the experiences of ordinary people as well as elites, and treatment of nations and cultures throughout the world.

So what's the problem? In her first attack, launched in a *Wall Street Journal* op-ed on October 20, a week before the American History Standards were released, Cheney said the issue was simple: not enough white men. Harriet Tubman, the African American who led slaves to freedom before the Civil War, was "mentioned six times," while George Washington "makes only a fleeting appearance," and Thomas Edison gets ignored altogether.

A few days after Cheney's article appeared, Rush Limbaugh had it on the air. Limbaugh yelled that the standards were the work of a secret group and should be "flushed down the toilet."

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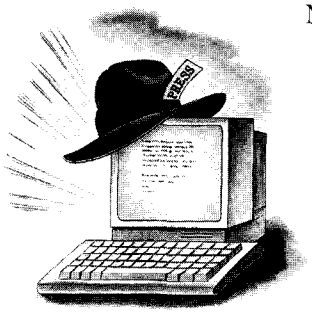
Thereafter, more respectable journalists began picking up the story. *The New York Times* ran an Associated Press article on October 26, the day the standards were officially released. (Headline: "PLAN TO TEACH U.S. HISTORY IS SAID TO SLIGHT WHITE MALES.") The story did not describe the standards or give examples. Instead, it reported on Cheney's laments: "They make it sound as if everything in America is wrong and grim."

Two days later *The Washington Times* weighed in with an article complaining that the project took "$2.2 million of taxpayers' money." On October 28 *USA Today* columnist Joe Urschel wrote that the commission's purpose was "to mislead and bully elementary and high school instructors." A *Washington Post* story devoted seven paragraphs to Cheney's criticism.

On November 4 Charles Krauthammer published an essay in the *Post* titled "History Hijacked"; it cited Cheney on Tubman and Edison. *U.S. News & World Report, Time* and *Newsweek* also participated. *Newsweek* even offered some original reporting—its article concluded with a quote from a black teacher backing the standards. Black children, the teacher said, have been "brainwashed" to "celebrate white heroes ... and values," and "what needs to happen now is a reverse brainwashing." The statement did little to undermine Cheney's critique.



On November 8 *The Wall Street Journal* editorial pages ran letters under the headline, "THE HISTORY THIEVES." The first of these declared that national standards were "developed in the councils of the Bolshevik and Nazi Parties, and successfully deployed on the youth of the Third Reich and the Soviet Empire." Soon thereafter, *The New York Times* op-ed page featured an article by John Patrick Diggins of the CUNY Graduate Center, the only historian to write in support of Cheney. Nothing in his essay indicated he had read the standards. "At a time when people from all over the world are flocking to America," Diggins wrote, "students are told that they must study precisely that from which people are fleeing?" Don't study the rest of the world, he was arguing—a position more extreme than Cheney's.

On November 11 *The Wall Street Journal* broadened its attack by going after the World History Standards. It quoted Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers, who had been swept up in the Cheney critique. "It's a travesty," Shanker said of the standards. It's "leftist point-of-view history. Everything that ... has to do with white people is evil and oppressive, while Genghis Khan is a nice, sweet guy just bringing his culture to other places."

That day—three weeks after Cheney's initial broadside—a national news story reporting on the actual contents of the standards finally appeared. The article, page 1 of *The New York Times*, noted that the standards "keep William the Conqueror ... but also give emphasis to non-European hallmarks like China's powerful Song dynasty." The guidelines, the paper added, "ask students to go beyond rote memorization and explain, analyze and explore historical movements around the world."

Even a cursory look at the standards suggests the assault by Cheney and Co. was flawed. When I purchased a copy at the National Center for History in the Schools, located a few blocks from UCLA, I met project co-director Gary Nash, a UCLA history professor. I asked him whether white men had been neglected. "The fact is there are white males on every page of this document," he replied. Sure enough, there they are. Flip to page 76: for the revolution of 1776, "Analyze the character and roles of the military, political and diplomatic leaders who helped forge the American victory." If you don't discuss George Washington, you flunk. Page 138: for the period 1870-1900, "How did inventions change the way people lived and worked? Who were the great inventors of the period?" If you don't discuss Edison, you're in trouble.

What about Cheney's claim that "not a single one of the thirty-one standards mentions the Constitution"? Well, page 84 says students should be able to "analyze the fundamental ideas behind the distribution of powers and the system of checks and balances established by the Constitution." And, it turns out that the person mentioned most often is not Tubman, but Richard Nixon. Ronald Reagan comes in second.

Cheney complained about the preferential treatment of women and minorities, but it's hard to see why. High school students should be able to explain "the arguments for and against affirmative action" and "for and against ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment." They should be able to evaluate "the Warren Court's reasoning in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*." Politics is treated in a similarly unbiased and resolutely middle-of-the-road way: students should be able to "demonstrate understanding of the origins and domestic consequences of the cold war" and to analyze "the Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon administrations' Vietnam policy."

Shanker's anger that the standards portray Genghis Khan as a softie also runs into problems when compared with the text. The two pages on the Mongol empire say students should be able to "describe the destructive Mongol conquests of 1206-79 and assess their effects on peoples of China, Southeast Asia, Russia and Southwest Asia"; in grades seven and eight, students are asked to examine Genghis Khan's statement, "Man's highest joy is in victory: to conquer one's enemies, to pursue them, to deprive them of their possessions, to make their beloved weep."

Cheney made a particularly big deal out of one of the suggested high school teaching exercises on the rise of big business: "Conduct a trial of John D. Rockefeller on the following charge: 'The plaintiff had knowingly and willfully participated in unethical and amoral business practices designed to undermine traditions of a fair and open competition for personal and private aggrandizement in direct violation of the common welfare.' " She thought this was outrageous, but it is one of the older chestnuts of American history teaching. Those who went

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to college in the '50s and '60s may remember *John D. Rockefeller, Robber Baron or Industrial Statesman?* published in the Heath *Problems in American Civilization* series, which presented the pros and cons of the industrial era, and on which countless papers and exams were based.

What comes next? Although the standards project began during the Bush years, the Clinton administration adopted it as part of its "Goals 2000" program of educational reforms. The standards are supposed to be submitted for certification by a bipartisan National Education Standards and Improvement Council, whose yet unnamed members are to be nominated by the president and confirmed by Congress. Certification would encourage textbook publishers and school systems to adopt the standards. But they would remain voluntary.

The battle likely will rage beyond the standards and the people appointed to approve them. Indeed, the flap could grow into a Republican effort to scrap the NEH. Don't be surprised if the halls of Congress, newly populated by a GOP majority, resound with denunciations of the endowment. And don't be surprised if the Clinton administration fails to put up much of a fight. Undersecretary of Education Marshall S. Smith told the *Post* that the president "had nothing to do with those folks" who drafted the standards. That doesn't sound good.

JON WIENER is professor of history at the University of California, Irvine.

SAINT PETERSBURG POSTCARD

PINK DAWN

By Anna Husarska

After two decades of construction of communism in the USSR, no one has any reason to be a homosexual, and those who persist in their homosexuality should be regarded as counter-revolutionary elements and should be punished for anti-Soviet activity.
—Nikolai Krilyenko, attorney general under Josef Stalin

Gay rights is the ultimate oxymoron in Russia, because for seventy years neither gays nor rights have been very visible here. In Moscow, there isn't a single gay rights defense group; there are only a few discos and cafés where gays even congregate. Saint Petersburg fares slightly better. It has two gay groups, though they aren't on speaking terms and spend precious energy fighting each other.

I went to see Yuri Yereyev, president of one of the groups, the Tchaikovsky Fund, named after the composer, who was gay. Yuri is 40 and served three years in prison in the '80s under Article 121, Part 1 of the Russian criminal code, which, until its repeal in May 1993, outlawed homosexual relations between men (but not between women). A former paper factory worker, he lost his job after his boss discovered he is gay.

In the headquarters, a sparsely furnished room in a communal apartment, Yuri and I sat on homemade wooden benches upholstered with black fabric. Dutch and German posters of gay events covered the walls. An old-fashioned radio and a gramophone sat in the corner; a doorless closet contained some basic kitchenware. Yuri showed me an English-language gay magazine, and I was browsing through the color photos when his mother, a round Russian woman with an apron and tightly combed gray hair, entered with some cheese sandwiches. As a reflex, I closed the magazine, but she only cast me a veteran look and poured us tea, while Yuri told me about gay magazine distribution: a confidential mail-order system offering local production with black-and-white drawings.

The primitive state of the gay movement in Russia persists because, although the laws may have changed, attitudes toward homosexuality have not, says Moscow sociologist Igor Siemionovich Kon. In polls in 1989, 32 percent of the Soviet population thought gays should be executed; 30 percent thought they should be isolated; 6 percent believed they need help; and 10 percent felt gays should be left to themselves. Not much has changed: Kon says homosexuals are still the most or second most hated group, competing for this title with the Jews. Those who once held the Jewish-Masonic conspiracy responsible for Russia's problems now fault the Jewish-Masonic-gay conspiracy, or just a gay conspiracy.

In the face of all this, the Tchaikovsky Fund organizes gay film festivals and gay pride parades, art exhibitions and ballet performances. Yuri takes part in T.V. and radio roundtables on minorities and on AIDS. The fund also has started a new dating service, which compiles the applicants' financial and housing situations, as well as their sexual inclinations. At the group's annual meeting, the dating service was the one topic that sparked real interest. There were some 40 participants (Krilija, the rival group, met a week before, with similar attendance). Four of us were straight, two attendees were lesbians, five were men in their 60s who, as one told me, come to meetings because they're too old to go to discos or cafés. Six others were deaf-dumb. Until Vinay Saldanha of the Canadian office of the International AIDS Project started giving out condoms, these six chatted in sign language among themselves, leaving it unclear whether they even knew where they were.

The meeting's attendees also discussed launching a Russian edition of the gay magazine *The Advocate* and a gay radio station. Yuri announced that a man who had killed two gays had been spotted in the main Petersburg cruising area and he warned everyone to be careful; the

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police had been informed but they hadn't been willing to do anything. Finally, the treasurer presented the financial report. "We end the year 1993/94 with a deficit of 100,000 rubles, [$32] but a loan from the retirement pension of the fund's president's mother has helped us to pay our bills."

The next day Vinay showed me different AIDS materials published in Russian by mimeograph. They were very few and rather basic, and suggest that AIDS awareness in Russia is disastrously low. Nikolai Chaika, a doctor at Petersburg's Pasteur Institute, has issued several rudimentary brochures—partly hand-written, partly type-written; only now, thanks to a donation from the Canadian Embassy in Moscow, will Chaika go desktop. The institute surveyed readers of the magazine *Health*, which prints 18 million copies, and found low knowledge of AIDS, rare condom use, frequent sex after drinking and rather promiscuous sex lives—greenhouse conditions for an epidemic.

The state has done little in response. Three years ago Dimitri Isayev, a sexologist at the Petersburg Center for the Prevention and Struggle Against AIDS, told me that the mandatory screening for AIDS that was Soviet policy proved costly and ineffective. Isayev hoped that after the breakdown of the Soviet Union, Russia would move toward voluntary and anonymous tests. It didn't happen. In 1993, the country spent the equivalent of $15 million on HIV testing and only $3 million on prevention, education and care.

In the category of inefficiency, Russia set with this policy what is no doubt a world record. By January 1, 1994, more than 120 million tests had been conducted in Russia, and exactly 717 people tested HIV-positive. Only 130 cases of AIDS are registered in all of Russia, although this, of course, does not reflect the real situation. Those most at risk avoid taking the test because of the social stigma, the possible jail sentence for spreading sexually transmitted diseases and the mandatory tracing of all sexual partners should they test positive.

In any other country, lawmakers would recognize the testing scheme as faulty and try to modify it. Not in Russia. Last month the lower house of Parliament voted 281 to 1 in favor of a law that would force everyone seeking medical help to take an HIV test or be refused assistance. The law also would require testing for people in certain professions, such as surgery, with or without the person's consent. Foreigners entering Russia also would be tested. Of course, Russia does not have the necessary infrastructure or even the needles for such an undertaking. And the law may have other unforeseen consequences. Queen Elizabeth narrowly escaped the screening because she visited before the new draconian rules, but Secretary of State Warren Christopher on his next visit to Moscow may have to line up for the blood-giving—behind perfume exporters from France, African students and black-marketeers from the Caucasus. A foreigner is a foreigner, and an HIV test is an HIV test. Or, as President Reagan used to say, *Davyeray no provyeray*—"Trust but verify." •

ON THE HILL

SLASH AND BURN

By Weston Kosova

Representative David Dreier spent election night tooling up and down Southern California highways. Local news stations were scrambling for Republican sages to prop in front of the cameras, and Dreier, who had just clinched an eighth term, dropped in on studio after studio. He reveled in victory until early morning before heading home to bed. But moments after Dreier's head hit the pillow, he got a wake-up call. "I hadn't been home more than a couple of hours when the phone rang," he says with lingering bemusement. "David, this is Newt," came the voice on the other end. "I want you to reform the committees."

Dreier wasn't the only bleary Republican Gingrich roused that morning. The speaker-apparent had begun assembling the troops hours after the polls closed on Tuesday, informing them that November 9 would be a work day. "We didn't even have time to smell the champagne cork," says Kansan Pat Roberts, who is leading the fight to kill congressional caucuses. On Thursday Gingrich was back in Room H-219, his Capitol annex, scribbling orders in blue felt-tip and ticking off boxes on the post-election "to-do" lists he'd drawn up weeks before.

For Gingrich, the electoral cataclysm was just another check mark on the list. He had been insisting for months that Republicans would take the House and that he would take the speakership. But he was about the only one in Washington, Democrat or Republican, who believed it. Before the election, reporters snickered when Gingrich mentioned nonchalantly how he'd already choreographed the Republicans' takeover strategy. The day after, they swamped his office with 300 calls.

Since then, Gingrich has followed through on his plan to assert power immediately, overwhelming the Democratic leadership with dozens of changes at once. By the time Democrats react to one set of reforms, Gingrich has already issued another. Always, they are at least one lap behind him.

Gingrich has succeeded in blunting Democratic attacks by pushing worthy reforms that Democrats often talked about, but never quite got around to endorsing. Take the slashing of congressional committees, long overdue in both the House and Senate. The Republicans' plan to eliminate the committees on the District of Columbia, Merchant Marine and Fisheries

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and Post Office and Civil Service, eliminate twenty-five of the 115 subcommittees and reduce staffers by one-third isn't new. Similar cuts were recommended a year ago in the mammoth report of the bipartisan Joint Committee on the Organization of Congress, a reform panel created in the wake of the House bank, restaurant and post office scandals.

But when House Speaker Thomas Foley saw the committee's recommendations, he balked, fearing a revolt if he tried to snatch committee chairs from sitting members. "We got a number of commitments from Foley," says Dreier, who co-chaired the House side of the panel with Democrat Lee Hamilton. "Unfortunately, most of it was ignored." Until Gingrich picked it up and folded it into the Republican Contract with America.

DRAWING BY JOHN SPRINGS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The statistics buried in the report are astonishing. Since 1946, only one House standing committee has been eliminated—the Committee on Internal Security. Meanwhile, the number of subcommittees has soared, from eighty-one in 1953 to 115 today. Members of Congress typically have to juggle seats on six or seven committees. "They barely have time to glance at the stack of papers we're pushing at them, let alone try to work out a sophisticated understanding of complex issues," says one House committee aide. Roberts is more direct. "There's a study in the Administration Committee that indicates we are supposed to be in two places or three places at the same time over half the time," he says. "So you have to rely more and more on staff."

As a result, there's a lot more staff to rely on. The number of committee staff in the House alone has grown from 640 in 1969 to 2,200 today. Staffers know the facts; committee members are often reduced to talking heads, delivering soliloquies staffers pen, pursuing questions whispered in their ears. If you watched this summer's Whitewater hearings on television, you probably noticed the freshly scrubbed Banking Committee aides conferring discreetly with their wizened bosses. There were maybe thirty of them seated behind the dais. What you didn't see was that the first five rows of chairs behind the witness table were reserved to handle the staff overflow.

After his early morning chat with Newt, Dreier set about picking which committees to ax. He quickly learned that there's no such thing as a universally popular cut, even among Republicans. "Suffice it to say there will be disagreements when you have people who have spent years sitting on a subcommittee that they aspired to chair," he says. "There wasn't a day that I didn't have calls from at least thirty chairmen expressing concerns about this."

Roberts had some equally testy dustups with fellow House members when he set out to eliminate the twenty-eight House caucuses. Roberts has railed against the caucuses for years from his perch on the Administration Committee. And for good reason. They're a scam. Each year, members "donate" thousands of dollars from their office expense accounts to fund the caucuses they belong to. Some of the caucuses are little more than shills for industry. There's the Steel Caucus, the Textile Caucus and the Automotive Caucus. Others push the pet projects of various regions, like the Sunbelt Caucus and the Border Caucus. California and New York, special to the end, have their own caucuses.

The caucuses also get taxpayer-financed staffs and offices on Capitol Hill. Most are nestled in one of the House annexes, but some get prime real estate. The Arms Control and Foreign Policy caucuses have suites in the Capitol, along with the Arts Caucus. The Automotive Caucus has an office in the Rayburn Building. The Border Caucus works out of the Cannon Building.

"Many people back home don't understand that in Cannon, Longworth and to some degree in Rayburn, we're packed in here like salmon," Roberts says. "Walking up and down the hallways, I would pass a room in which there were maybe two people. One would be filing his nails and the other would be reading a magazine. And I would stop and say, 'Excuse me, what office is this?' 'Well, this is the caucus for the so and so.' "

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When Roberts, with Gingrich's blessing, announced last week that the caucuses were going under the knife, freeing up sixteen offices and saving about $5 million, "all hell broke loose." Even Republicans turned bristly. John Porter of Illinois urged that the Human Rights Caucus be exempted. Connie Morella of Maryland made a plea for the Women's Caucus. But the nastiest and loudest protest came from Kweisi Mfume of Maryland, chairman of the Black Caucus, who accused Roberts of "ethnic cleansing."

The outrage is absurd. The new rules don't prohibit the groups from meeting, only from using public money to lobby. "There's eight staff members out of ninety-six that this fuss is about," Roberts says. "The Black Caucus has three staffers; the Women's, three; the Hispanic Caucus, two."

Gingrich's transition team is planning still more changes. The incoming speaker tapped Jim Nussle of Iowa as chairman of the twenty-eight-member team. A loyal Newtoid, the 34-year-old Nussle came to fame in 1991, when he gave a speech on the House floor wearing a paper bag over his head, a protest against Foley's reluctance to disclose the names of check-bouncers at the House Bank. "Newt chose Nussle for three reasons," says a Republican aide. "He's young, he's enthusiastic and he's totally malleable."

Gingrich split the transition members into forty-five task forces, each charged with probing a different facet of House business. There's a task force on the House budget and a task force on House maintenance. One on the information superhighway, another on the House chaplain. The list goes on: House parking; House physician; House structure and functional analysis; Helsinki commission.

Aside from saving some money and streamlining the House bureaucracy, Gingrich's reforms have one thing in common—they all direct more power to the speaker's chair. Among Dreier's proposed changes are two quieter provisions: committee chairmen will be limited to three terms, and bills will no longer be sent to multiple committees simultaneously. Both reforms give Gingrich more control over the flow of legislation, while bridling the power of committee doyens. There will be no Republican Rostenkowskis in Newt's House.

Gingrich's strategy of keeping Democrats off-balance is working. The president has yet to offer a coherent statement about the elections. Only now is he making noises about a middle-class tax cut, along with a clumsy lurch rightward. House Democrats responded to the rejection of their leadership by re-electing Richard Gephardt as leader. But then, from one viewpoint, they have no one to blame but themselves. "Unfortunately, just about all of the changes the Republicans have made are things people here know should have been done before," laments an aide to a senior House Democrat. "We should have done it." Gingrich, for one, is delighted to help them out. •

The decline of fashion photography.

PRÊT-À-POOR TASTE

By Laura Jacobs

I would eternalize those nymphs . . .
—Stéphane Mallarmé, *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*

The beginning of fashion photography as a discipline and an art is not hidden in the dark corner of some daguerreotype. It glimmers in a Grecian cluster of light-struck skins, flush and pluckable against a distant background of blur. The photograph I'm thinking of is titled *Grapes*, and it's from 1908, a study by Baron Adolph de Meyer, the man who four years later took the legendary stills of Vaslav Nijinsky performing his licentious ballet *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. Those grapes turn up again in the Nijinsky series: the faun holds them high like a severed head, gets drunk on them. The climax of the series is a climax—the faun stretched across a nymph's stolen veil, his hips and stiff forehead pressed into a cloudy surround. In the history of the stage, there is perhaps no other photograph that muscles into the moment with such lush precision. In 1913, less than a year after these pictures were taken, de Meyer was hired by Condé Nast to be the first staff photographer of *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*.

The de Meyer exhibit that is now at New York's International Center of Photography comes at a time when fashion itself is a global bacchanal. While the designer labors under a lightbulb, the industry entourage parties in the current clothes, a Fellini troupe of tits and titles and skin-tight leather jeans. Considering how fashion's appetite for new shocks and teen goddesses always seems to be speeding up, it's not a bad thing to be reminded that intoxication, burst boundaries, juicy youth and beauty were there at the start. On the other hand, the arts were there, too.

De Meyer arrived at *Vogue*, and later *Harper's Bazaar*, after a long apprenticeship in the darkroom. Mentored by Alfred Stieglitz, influenced by the Impressionists and the Symbolists, versed in Japanese tissue techniques, acquainted with color but devoted to the platinum and silver print—de Meyer hit the fashion pages with a virtuoso's daring and pure tone. His work consisted of both bust and full-body portraits of society women, models and stage stars. Sneaky with light sources, a de Meyer photograph was an aria of shadow, shine and line, high notes where you least expected them. Bridal shots could look like naughty annunciations. But de Meyer was careful to frame the face. In profiles, his camera was a caress, and he allowed eyes to speak slowly.

The invitation to the de Meyer exhibit bears a quintessential shot, circa 1925, which one is tempted to

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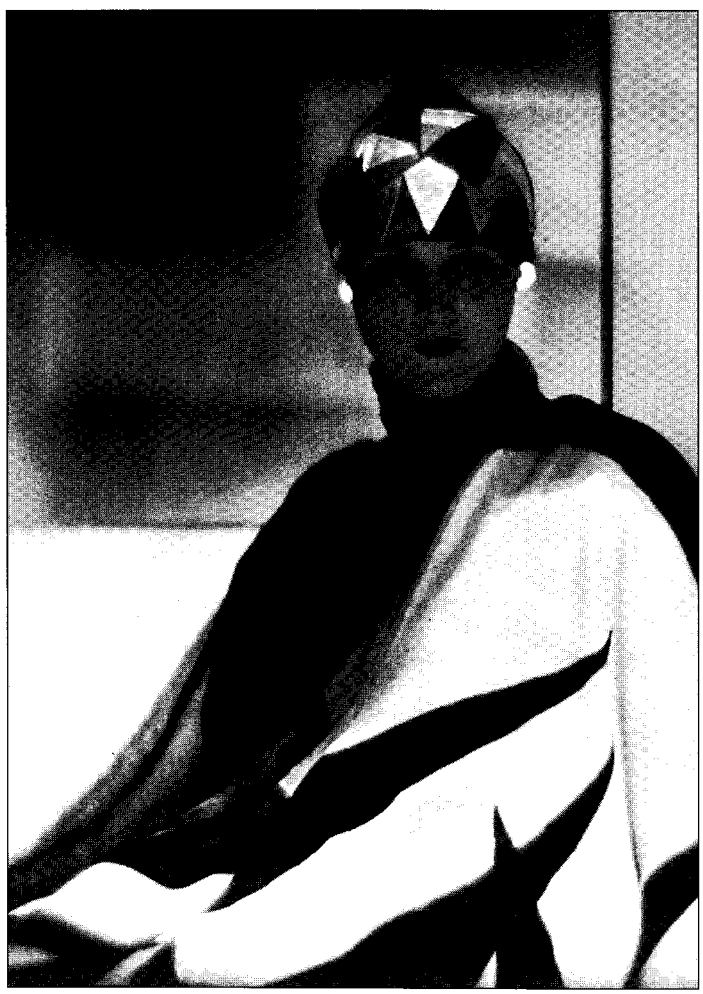
call "Abstraction with Moonface." It is a remarkable piece of theater. Lengthening triangles climb the model's dress like overbold shadows. Her neat cap, covered with smaller satin spangles, recalls the commedia dell'arte, and Sonia Delaunay's Orphist geometries. The cupid's bow mouth is not displeased with itself—perhaps it recently shot a perfect arrow. The face is glowing, soft, lost in a thought the viewer gets lost in, too. Then, like the burst of a scherzo, the incandescent kite that flies on her forehead warns you away. Her martian ears burn. Does such expression exist today—the nymph in her new veils?

The answer is no. And for reasons that have as much to do with the evolution of camera equipment and the switch from black-and-white to color film as with the sensibilities of the photographers and the skimpiness of today's clothing (fabric, like water, juggles light in a way skin never will). With shutter speeds quick as semiautomatic weapons, today's spreads can look more like skirmishes than dramas of light. The objective seems to be a fast, hot shoot; the flash's red eye a sulfuric staccato that finds harmony with the new, oddly aloof bad temper of women, the leave-me-alone stare that passes for self-containment. When a model—even Christy Turlington, who has a natural, doe-eyed repose—attempts a mood of contemplation, it looks false, empty of interior. But then, the sitter was never meant to do it all by herself.



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GREEN AND SILVER LEAVES, 1925 BY BARON ADOLPH DE MEYER

If great fashion photography is a record of our energies, teasing variations on the theme of vainglory (and why not?), one wonders what future generations will think of us. Our nymphs are Amazons, guerrilla divas who have bred bigger for evolutionary advantage. Indeed, they need to be bigger to protect that small space of time in which their flesh glows, their sway inspires, their pocketbooks bulge. Dwarfing everyone around them, the supermodels stand alone in the magazines, carrying the aesthetic message in a way models never had to before. Where fashion magazines used to make room for stars of the performing and literary arts, the 1990s have seen most artists kicked off the caravan. Where mannequins used to rub shoulders with a young Nureyev (who, in 1967's *Vogue* layout by Richard Avedon, rubbed shoulders with God, thanks to insets from the Sistine Chapel), now Naomi or Linda or Kate may dominate a whole magazine, "starring" in two or three fashion features. Their faces are logos. Does it matter who takes the picture?

Fashion magazines used to make the arts as much as they made models. Born beauty was a symbolic equivalent to talent—both were phenomenal. The recent tipping of the scale toward models at the expense of talent points out a larger loss, of which fashion photography is but a consequence: the fashion magazine's severed connection to high art and the ethic of technique. This synergy had its last hurrah in the Diana Vreeland years at *Vogue* (a powerful current that coasted on through the '80s). The stately pleasure-dome she decreed there, with its pages of opera, ballet and theater artists sharing the stage with models, wasn't just about filling the pages with culture; it was about sublime energy and a cultivated eye and a particular kind of vanity that was utterly serious and today is so easily confused with and dismissed as narcissism. Fashion shared with art the flame of self-creation, the fitting of experience into a larger and more refined imaginative design. This went for photography, too.

Avedon emerged as Vreeland's anointed one, edging out a talent like William Klein, a photographer with an immense frame of reference and theatrical flair (who is also being honored in a New York City exhibit, currently running at the ICP uptown). Klein staged surreal wakes, placed mirrors in urban settings, like Cocteau doorways to other dimensions—but his taste ran to parody and, to Vreeland, pizzazz was no joke. Undistracted by too-clever ideas, Avedon pulled the subject well into the foreground but not so much that the air of portraiture was imposed upon. He hit a golden mean of courtly distance and privileged possession—a feeling the viewer could share.

Twenty-five years later, the excitement generated in Vreeland's vision remains a touchstone, and fashion editors still knock off the style. But they don't seem to understand it. In fact, it's the fashion designers themselves (Gianni Versace, Isaac Mizrahi, Oscar de la Renta)

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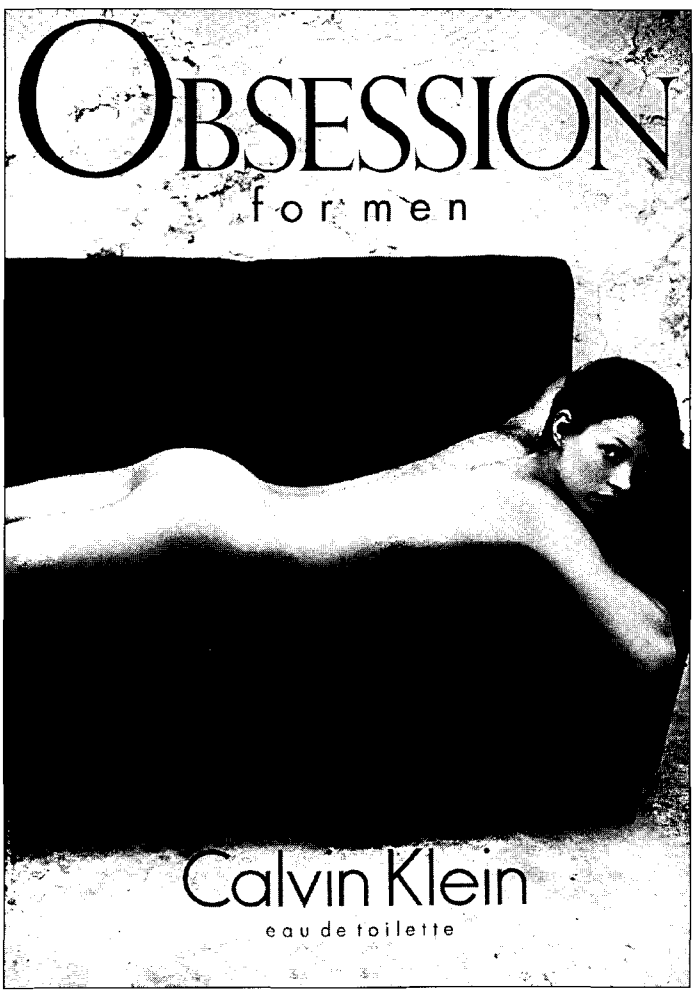
who have kept up with the arts, costuming opera and ballet, bringing zing and sometimes sting to the stage. No one makes this essential connection more clearly than the exquisitely experimental Geoffrey Beene, whose shows are a living cinema in which contemporary weather is refigured as tempo and temperament, nap and sheen. Choreographed by Doug Varone, these moody mindscapes show Beene's collections on dancers and models (not a logo in sight); de Meyer-esque wells of light and shadow shroud and halo the female reverie, her bursts into fluid form. There's more risk and invention in one of these twenty-minute shows than in a month's worth of fashion photography.

Take this month's issues. *Vogue*'s problems begin with its cover, the image crowded out by a clamor of titles. Which is just as well, since recent covers have seen a model dressed in garish colors posed against a computerized sandblast of blank background. Inside, the magazine is desperately balanced between past glory and mental block, madly borrowing typefaces from *Details* (its more demographically focused kid brother) while racing to cover every last hip-hop personality. It's in the rut of *chasing* today's pace rather than setting it.

December's fashion pages begin with an impressive feather display by Irving Penn called "Flights of Fancy." The opening spread shows a huge black-and-white bantam rooster with scarlet comb, set against Penn's signature space—that egg-white eternity untouched by human hands. It's pure cock-a-doodle-doo, a wake-up call from the master, and Penn follows with loving portraits of New Guinean tribespeople in ritual dress, and fantasy hats from Paris designers. These twelve pages—a gorgeous throwback—beg the question: Where are the new masters? Steven Meisel, Bruce Weber and Herb Ritts, *Vogue* photographers of the hour, all work in an interchangeable corporate celebrity style, a *non-style* heavy on matte flesh and nubile Laocoöns and leaps into the lake—often aggrandized in velvety black and white. They confuse hormones with form, activity with energy. Looking at this work you hear the rattle of car keys, the next gig calling in the distance.

At *Harper's Bazaar*, which two years ago was reconceived on the ideal of Elegance, the vision is clearer. The magazine still opens pages for visual art and architecture, a taste in keeping with *Bazaar*'s filtered studio airs. Peter Lindbergh and Patrick Demarchelier are house photographers and their cool formality puts them a cut above the *Vogue* troika, but *Bazaar* is dominated by its art director, who is hooked on nothingness: at least one fashion feature in each issue seems to bleach out before our eyes. It is elegance as white light at the end of the tunnel, the Apocalypse in pastels.

It has been a long time since I leafed through a fashion magazine and was startled by a photograph. Leafing! A fashion magazine should be a prowl through nature—human nature—sun and moon sifted and beaming, catching animal eyes, creaturely gestures, (scent strips!); leaving the observer with a shoot of desire, a call to change. *Green and Silver Leaves* is the title of the de Meyer photograph discussed earlier, and it perfectly describes the base thrill and magic spell of a new dress.



CALVIN KLEIN OBSESSION AD, 1994

What picture would I pick as representative of fashion photography right now? One that doesn't even show clothes. Sadly, it's the photograph of Kate Moss in the Calvin Klein Obsession ad, stripped and stretched on a couch, the odalisque on her stomach, a *Story of O* surrender in clinical shades of gray. The ad recently was banned in England for its queasy come-on (the Brits felt it condoned pedophilia), and I have to admit, seeing it glide by on the side of a bus is creepy. But not because of its weird intonations, which have a rightful, if overrated, place in fashion history. Look longer and you begin to see the industry's star waif, its mossy nymph, as a numb and flattened faun; her lair a cement floor and comfortless couch. The composition is slack, static, dreamless, lightless. It is 1994 and one person's obsession is another person's demise. The little death has become a big one. "I've sucked the brightness out," explains Mallarmé's Faune of his grapes, and so have we.

LAURA JACOBS, editor-in-chief of *Stagebill*, is author of the forthcoming *The Art of Haute Couture* with photographs by Victor Skrebneski (Abbeville Press).

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THE UNDERTAKER

By Ruth Shalit

"Let me begin," says White House aide David Dreyer, "by contesting the premises of your question." It's a windless evening in November, and Dreyer is in his West Wing office, listening to a new recording of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* and defending the role of Tony Coelho, for whom Dreyer once worked, in the Democrats' electoral debacle. "First," he says, "Tony was not the party chair. He was never, to my knowledge, actually in the DNC building. Second, the role of party chair in a midterm election is relatively unimportant anyhow. Third—let me finish, I want to get my points out—he gave *good* advice. I feel very comfortable with the terms of the debate and how voters reacted to them." He was not the party chair, he was the party chair, he was a great party chair. Asked whether Coelho will continue to advise the White House, Dreyer's gaze drifts toward his bulletin board, forlornly decorated with Election Day dedications. "Tony sees on our part, accurately, a failure to be sufficiently disciplined. He sees a failure to keep ourselves focused on the important, productive tasks of politics. Now he has to decide whether a continuing relationship with us is a commitment he wants to make." The clavier builds to a boisterous climax; and Dreyer briefly closes his droopy brown eyes. "I hope he will," he says. "I think he will. We need him."

To enter the DNC headquarters two weeks after the election is to walk into a sepulcher. "Speaker" Thomas S. Foley, "Senate Majority Leader" George Mitchell and "House Majority Leader" Richard Gephardt glower down at visitors from their positions in the vestibule, where they are interred in luminous, airbrushed portraits. The funereal mood extends even to the bathroom, where neon fliers trumpeting Democratic "victory" parties lie crumpled on the floor. Seated behind an oak pedestal writing desk in his plushly carpeted corner office, DNC Finance Chair Terry McAuliffe, also a former Coelho staffer, assesses the situation. "Yes, the elections were devastating," he says. "But Tony gave great advice. You can't blame the election loss on Tony Coelho." McAuliffe swivels around in his chair. "This is not a town known for profiles in courage," he says. "People are pointing fingers, looking for scapegoats. Well, guess what? Tony doesn't really care. He doesn't want the credit. He doesn't care if he takes the blame. He was asked to come in and help. And he did help. He did a masterful job. That's why there is a critical mass for Tony's continued involvement."

McAuliffe gazes out a large picture window overlooking the Rayburn Building. "Before, Tony's thing was to come in, strategize down the street and do the T.V. appearances," he says. "Now he's going to be managing the overall themes and thinking, helping formulate the long-term strategy. Why would he want to do that?... Because he enjoys coming down to the White House for meetings. Because he loves going on T.V., as everybody would. But most of all, because he loves this party. His whole life has been the Democratic Party." McAuliffe rises to his feet. "Tony is best friends with everybody!" he cries. "He's like a giant Saint Bernard. Everyone loves him. Now, there may be times when you're *mad* at the dog. And you may want to—*kick* the dog because of things he may have done. But, ultimately, you love Tony Coelho because he has a giant heart. He's like a big panda bear. People love Tony. And the reason ... is that *Tony ... loves ... people.*"

Only a shuttle's hop away from Washington's vanquished Democratic establishment, on Seventh Avenue in New York, is Wertheim Schroeder Investment Services Inc., where the mood is utterly unfunereal. On the morning of my visit in early December, the place is aflutter with activity. Tall, imposing men in crisply pressed blue suits jam the hallways and huddle in conference rooms. "We've reserved 100 rooms at the lake resort, for our top 100 accounts," murmurs one financier to another. "We'd love it if you joined us up there." "That sounds fabulous!" says the associate, a compact man with salt-and-pepper hair. He is Tony Coelho. "All right, then!... It's been such a pleasure to meet with you!" And with that, Coelho turns on his heel and heads into his office, his cheeks flushed from the success of the meeting. "Sorry to keep you waiting," he says. "Potential client meeting. I think we got 'em!" And he rushes out the door again. "Gotta keep bringing those clients in!" he yells apologetically over his shoulder.

When he returns, it is to discuss not his latest business venture—Coelho refuses to disclose his client list—but rather, his glamorous parallel career as vision czar to the Democrats. "I didn't know the president before the end of last year," he muses. "But I've really grown to like him

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and respect him. I'm fascinated by his intellect. Fascinated by his commitment.... I'll do anything to help." Anything? "I've said it over and over again," he says. "Do I want to help? Yes. Will I help? Absolutely. Will I give up everything I'm doing in order to help? No. I just don't think it makes sense, either for me or the White House."

Coelho elaborates. "My ability to earn a living, to take care of my kids' future, is No. 1," he says ringingly. "And nobody is going to take that away from me. Now, I happen to believe—and I feel very strongly about this—that what we do is we discourage volunteers. We discourage people who are successful in other walks of life from helping out. The Naders of this world want to say there are conflicts. And I just think they're crazy. I think they are so, so wrong." A slow smile comes over his long, gaunt face. "I don't know if you heard the speculation," he says. "I was told by several people at the White House that there was a feeling that if they could just get me involved a little bit, I wouldn't be able to give it up, and I would get more and more involved until I came on full time. But I told them I won't give up my work at the bank. I like it too much. And I won't give up my corporate boards. I like 'em too much!" A compromise was reached. "When Leon [Panetta] got in there, he pleaded with me to come on board," says Coelho. "And I turned him down. So Leon and several others pleaded with me to then... *advise.*" The calamitous consequences of his advice thus far have not diminished their enthusiasm. "I still go to the White House most Thursdays and Fridays," he says. "I go to the senior staff meetings. I answer any questions they might have.... I'm also helping Gephardt and the House Democrats as they think through the outcome of the elections. And I'm working with people on the Senate side." Coelho leans forward in his chair and his voice drops to a whisper. "The secret," he says, "is marketing. I'm very much into marketing.... Right now, when people think of us, they don't know what the message is. What is it that we're about? What does it mean to be a Democrat? That's where I think I can be of some help."

If that venture runs aground, if the marketer discovers that his product is being recalled, there's plenty to do at Wertheim Schroeder Investment Services, where Coelho is president and CEO. "This has been a major success here. We no longer have just one product. We now also have a mutual fund." Coelho's eyes are sparkling. "I've set the table. And now I'm just piling food on. I love business. I love networking. I love doing what I'm doing. And then to have the bank encourage me to remain involved in politics, to a degree—I mean, what more could you ask for?" Just then, his secretary knocks on the door. "Your car is here," she says. Coelho grabs a battered briefcase and heads out the door. "Sorry," he says. "I've got to jump on the next shuttle. I have a 3:30 at the White House."

When the White House summoned Coelho last August to run its political operation through the elections, hopes ran high. To stave off an embarrassment at the polls, Coelho told *Newsweek* on August 29, the Clinton administration merely required "a couple of old pros who know the town." He embarked on a tour of the talk shows, where he was hailed as a hero. "In the words of sort of everybody—they need you," cooed Charlie Rose on September 1. Of course, it didn't quite work out as planned. "Some people say that in this election, I gave the wrong advice," muses Coelho. "I always get a kick out of that. Because, you see, the people who say that were never in the room. They don't know what advice I gave.... If all my suggestions had been accepted, things might have been different."

Those who were in the room say his advice was embraced. White House Political Director Rahm Emanuel: "Tony was instrumental in the whole development of how to use the president's time and where he goes, as well as resources and strategy." Deputy Chief of Staff Harold Ickes: "Tony was here on a regular basis. I relied on him heavily. He was the first person to urge strongly that we take a hard look at the Republican contract and use it to frame the elections as a collision between Reaganomics and Clintonomics. He pushed hard on it.... He was key to our focusing on it."

The strategy bombed. The idea of nationalizing the elections, of having a debate between Clintonism and Reaganism, failed. "There's no question the strategy of trying to nationalize the election was a mistake," says Democratic pollster Mark Mellman. "It had no evidentiary basis.... In exit polls, when people were asked: 'Do you think we should go back, or not go back, to Reaganomics?' it wasn't at all clear that people didn't want to go back to the 1980s." Despite this, the Clintonites are still Coelho fans. "We're spending some time analyzing what went wrong," says Ickes. "Tony is a regular participant in those meetings. We find him very strategic, very tactical.... I'm confident he'll be very involved in the president's re-election campaign." Other Democrats are just as eager to learn from the master. "I bet Tony gets fifteen, twenty calls a week from members of Congress who want some assistance thinking about the future," says House Minority Whip-to-be Steny Hoyer. "He just believes in serving. As a matter of fact, he's now half an hour late to see me."

Remember Tony Coelho? The man with the funny name and the eager, falling face who left Congress in 1989 under an "ethical cloud"? Since when, you might ask, did he get to be so important again? The story of his re-emergence—and of his new centrality to the Clinton White House—is an enlightening one, in some ways an allegory of how far the early reformist zeal of Clintonism came to be hijacked by the Democratic establishment, with results so clear by last November 8.

Anthony Lee Coelho, the grandson of Portuguese immigrants, was born in 1942 and raised on his parents' dairy farm in California's Central Valley. The first in his family to attend college, he got a cute start in politics: Bob Hope, for whom Coelho worked as an odd-jobs man, suggested he apply for a job with his local congressman. In Coelho's oft-told account, it was a painful

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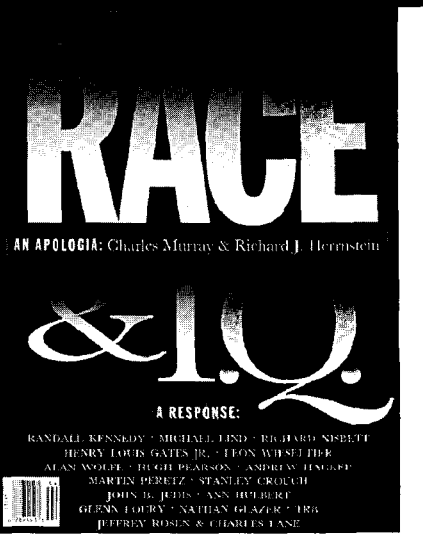
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period in his life. He had just been diagnosed as an epileptic, a condition that frustrated his dream of entering the priesthood (medieval canon law forbids it). Politics was a solution. "It's obvious that you have this burn to help people," Coelho says Hope told him. "It's just killing you that you want to help people. If that's your bag, why don't you go to work for a member of Congress?" After days of prayerful introspection, Coelho agreed to give it a try. Hope co-signed a note to help Coelho get a bank loan to resettle in Washington, where he went to work as a staff aide to Democratic Representative Bernie Sisk of California. "I fell in love with the work," Coelho told *Wall Street Journal* reporter Brooks Jackson in 1988. "I fell in love with the fact that you could really change people's lives. I realized I could do much more in this job than I could as a priest." By the time Sisk announced he was going to retire, Coelho was his obvious heir. "In the last five years I was with him," Coelho recalls, "I'd go out to the district once a month and I was in the press all over the place.... I knew from day one I would be elected."

Coelho's liberalism, honed during ten years in Congress, reflected his beginnings. The priest manqué thought of politics sacerdotally. What do members of Congress do? They secure good things for needy people—the elderly, minorities, the poor, farmers. Entitlements became the equivalent of good works. "I think we have to identify ourselves with certain groups of folks we're willing to die for, and make sure the system works fairly for them," Coelho explains. There's no sign that Coelho's ideology ever advanced beyond this Great Society vision of what politics is all about: no Clintonite recognition that some programs don't work, that some entitlements go to the wealthy and not the needy, that communities may need to take more responsibility for themselves. No recognition, either, that the authors of this largess might themselves be ethically suspect, or pampered too long by the perks of beneficent power. Which explains why Coelho was such a success in the established circles of congressional Democrats in the 1980s—but hardly why he became so central to the Clinton White House.

As head of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee from 1981 through 1986, Coelho built his reputation by finding ways to entice business executives and their lobbyists to shower Democratic candidates with campaign cash. As Coelho tells it, the difficult process of coming to terms with his epilepsy—it's now controlled through medication—gave him the "inner peace" to shake down wealthy businessmen with impunity. "What a lot of people don't know about me are my priorities," says Coelho, explaining his ease with big money. "My interest in disabilities, my involvement with the homeless—those were much more important to me than anything else. My fund-raising activities were a means for me to get done the things I wanted to get done in those areas."

As a freshman member in 1979, Coelho made a name for himself by shoveling large quantities of special-interest money into the coffers of Democratic incumbents. His creed, summed up in a 1985 speech to a lobbying group: "Special interest is not a nasty word." "There was a touch of envy," allows former Representative Guy Vander Jagt, who headed up the Republican campaign committee during the '80s. "As a fund-raiser, he was ten times more effective than I was." Coelho squeezed money from his targets by making bald references to his party's power. "We're going to be the majority party for a long time," he told the *Los Angeles Times* in 1986. "So it doesn't make good business sense to give to Republicans." Former top Coelho aide Martin Franks, now a vice president at CBS, recalls: "We looked at the list of the guys who were giving too much to the Republicans. And we basically gave them the come-to-Jesus message. 'We know who you are. You've been cavorting with the devil. But understand something here. We're in power. And I suggest you deal with us. Or at least ... cover your tail.' " To his ethical critics, even among Democrats, Coelho had a simple retort: "It is basically a lot easier to raise money from PACs than it is from individuals," he informed *The New York Times* in 1983.

There was little Coelho wouldn't do in his indefatigable pursuit of campaign dollars. He held on-the-road fund-raisers, carting then-Speaker Tip O'Neill around the country in search of funds. Coelho's former PAC Director Joseph Crepa, now chief of staff to Representative David Obey, recalls one trip with particular fondness. "Tony arranged a trip to Puerto Rico. It was a grueling trip. There was terrorism. There were these two warring factions.... It was a long day. Finally, we sit down with the governor of Puerto Rico and all the contributors. They give us cigars. They come out with this seventeenth-century brandy. Suddenly, Tip says, 'I want to leave. Get me out of here. I want to go to bed.' He starts to walk away. The governor's staff guys start to scream at Tony in Spanish. And Tony drags the speaker back.... He was really tough on him."

During his years as head of the DCCC, Coelho aggressively marketed the once pro-labor Democratic Party as increasingly pro-business, often during candidate forums for corporate PAC managers. The contradictions of policy or philosophy never slowed him down. During these forums—nicknamed meat markets or cattle calls—Coelho forced candidates to stand behind tables, each with a name card and a place to display his or her literature. PAC managers flocked to the hot candidates and left the others stranded and mortified. "That didn't work out so well," recalls Tom Nides, chief of staff to U.S. Trade Representative Mickey Kantor and Coelho's PAC director at the time.

Coelho searched for, and found, other ways to showcase his products, or Democratic candidates. In one lucrative fund-raising innovation, he went so far as to sell access to the Democratic leadership of the House. He invented the Speaker's Club, which granted lobbyists and their clients the ability to meet socially with the Speaker of the House and other top Democrats for $5,000 per year for individuals and $15,000 for PACs. A brochure about the club stated: "Members of the

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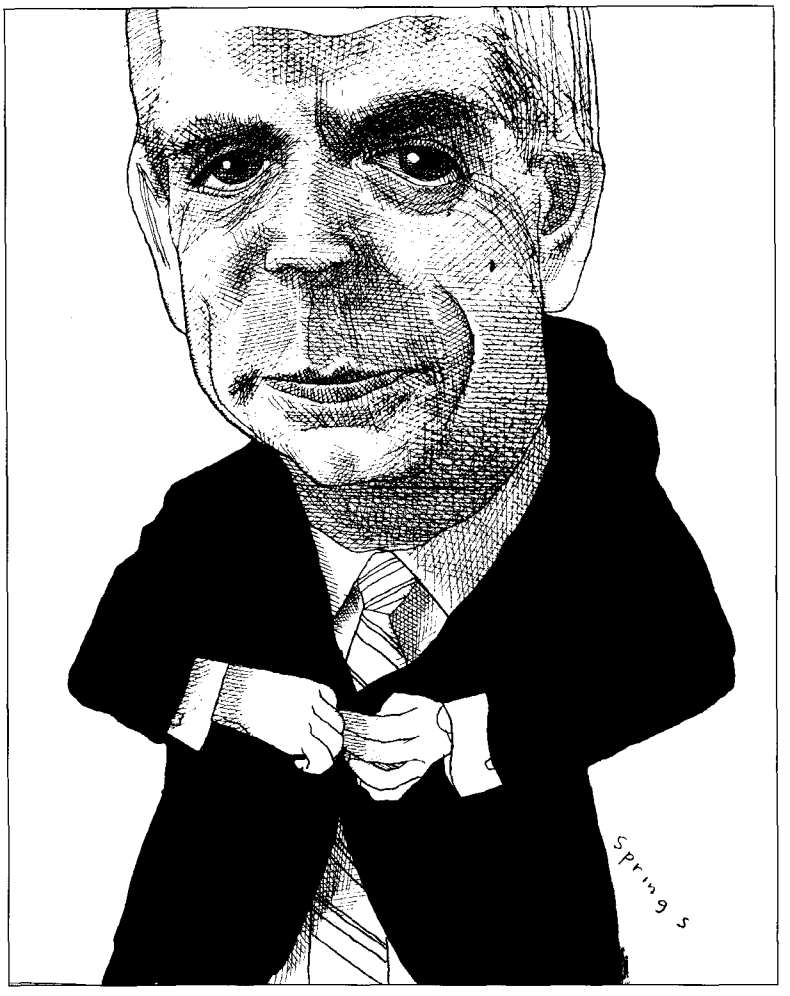
Speaker's Club serve as trusted, informal advisers to the Democratic members of Congress." Asked by *The Washington Post* in 1983 what the generous givers of the Speaker's Club received in return, Coelho candidly replied: "Access. Access. They meet with the leadership and with the chairmen of the committees. We sell ... the opportunity to be heard."

Cheerfully, Coelho made new friends for the party. In 1985, with tax reform looming, he fought to retain the most criticized of all special-interest tax breaks, those received by independent oil and gas drillers—both of whom liked the tax code the way it was. This led to the formation of one of Coelho's more eye-catching schemes: the Council for a Secure America, a union of Texas oilmen and New York Jewish leaders to protect the oil industry's tax breaks and build support for Israel. "There ain't a whole lot of pointy silver-toed boots drifting around Madison Avenue," recalls Washington lobbyist Daniel Dutko, hired by Coelho to coordinate the venture. "The notion was, let's get Southern oilmen to know and understand the Jewish community. Let's take 'em to Israel.... Maybe they'll be more supportive of peace initiatives there. And what do you say we grab some of these Jewish scholars, and maybe a Schumer or a Downey, and send 'em down to an oil well and put a hard hat on 'em? Then they'll see the convergence of interest." Dutko continues: "This is consummate Tony Coelho. Tony rarely looks at one problem at a time. He's too efficient for that. He wants a bundle of problems solved at once." Alas, the council was denounced by Representative Dan Rostenkowski as a transparent fund-raising ploy, and Coelho was forced to disband it.



DRAWING BY JOHN SPRINGS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

By the end of Coelho's tenure as head of the DCCC, incumbent House Democrats were receiving more money from PACs than from individual contributors—and a higher proportion of their cash from PACs than House Republicans and senators of both parties. "I take the position that no incumbent should lose; that as the incumbent you have the tremendous advantage," Coelho told *The New York Times* in 1987. Coelho's money-grubbing was credited with saving his party from losing control of the House in 1982. During that period, Ronald Reagan's landslide elections gave Republicans hope of carrying the Reagan revolution into Congress. Thanks to Coelho, the longtime Democratic House majority held fast. But at a price: the period between 1981 and 1987 marked a time when the once-Republican business lobby gained a foothold among Democratic members, who adjusted their votes accordingly. Coelho's efforts ended up the subject of Brooks Jackson's *Honest Graft*, a devastating assessment of the corrupting influence of money politics.

Coelho's dependence on special-interest money repeatedly affected his substantive positions on legislation. In 1985, for instance, Tip O'Neill publicly rebuked him for risking the integrity of the landmark tax-overhaul bill, which eventually was passed by Congress, in order to cultivate campaign contributions. On other occasions as well, Coelho found himself fettered by his ties to wealthy foes of reform legislation. In 1985 Senator David Boren of Oklahoma was advancing a proposal to put a modest limit on special-interest money in House and Senate elections. Coelho promised top PAC managers that he personally would kill the Boren measure if it got out of the Senate. "I'm not going to let reformers scare me into thinking that I can't ask people for money," he declared to the *Los Angeles Times*. "I'm going to ask. I'm going to ask very passionately."

In 1987 Coelho was catapulted to majority whip in gratitude for his astonishing success in harvesting money from PACs. That year Representative Mike Synar tried to enlist him as a cosponsor of his campaign finance reform effort. "You need this," he told him. "You have a reputation as the guy who sucked up all the PAC money in the world." Synar remembers the incident ruefully. "I tried to enlist him," he recalls. "But his vision was a little different than mine.... When I say campaign finance reform, I'm talking about limiting the amount of money in the system. Lowering the individual contribution. And limiting

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the total amount of money spent in a campaign. I think it's fair to say that he didn't share any of those three goals."

At some point in his bid to bring the means to Democratic ends, Coelho's interest in ends became somewhat muted. "Don't let your ideology get in the way of your business judgment," he counseled an audience of big-money contributors in 1982. In 1984 he told *The New York Times* that "it really doesn't make any difference what kind of law you create.... It's only the perception you create that's important. And the perception is created on T.V." He told columnist James Kilpatrick during the 1984 campaign, "The issues are not that important to a great number of people anymore. We have trumped Reagan. He's the grandfather, and Gerry's the future, and that is the trump." He repeated this to the *Los Angeles Times*: "The issues are not that important to people," he insisted. "Issues will take care of themselves."

So it was no surprise that when the reconstruction of the Democratic Party began fitfully in the 1980s, Coelho was uninterested. In 1987 he dropped out of the Democratic Leadership Council because of pressure from unions. To him, the right response to losing elections was not to rethink but to retool; to counter the Republicans with still more money. At an issues retreat in 1987, a group of Democratic congressmen discussed how to win back Reagan Democrats. According to an *L.A. Times* reporter who was present, one participant argued that the hope lay in "developing a fresh, new, national message." Another chimed in that Democrats "needed to be talking about the future and leaving Reagan to the past." But Coelho, then the third-ranking House Democrat, scoffed. "People are not interested in all this stuff about new ideas," he said. "All we have to do is stand up for what we believe in—and we win."

Coelho, it seems, saw little connection between "what we believe in" and "ideas." And "what we believe in" remained for him the litany of liberal interest groups. In 1988, the last full year he was in the House, *National Journal*, in its annual ratings of politicians, gave Coelho a perfect liberal score on social issues, a perfect liberal economic rating and a relatively liberal foreign policy score. He was particularly fond of the farm lobby, saying that Republicans "want to fund the contras but not to fund the combines." As chairman of the Agriculture Committee's Dairy Subcommittee during passage of the farm bill of 1986, he won House approval of industry-written provisions that paid farmers not to produce milk. Called the "Dairy Termination Program," it set taxpayers back $10.8 billion.

Coelho was no less fervent in defense of entitlements. The public has "to understand what it [deficit-cutting] means," he told *The Washington Post* in 1985. "Once the elderly understand it means cuts in Medicare, cuts in Social Security, they're going to come home to the Democratic Party." He played on the fears of the elderly: "The American people are not going to lose Social Security," he proclaimed on April 26, 1982. "And we Democrats are not going to let the administration take that issue from our party." This easy, reflexive conflation of his own interests and the interests of voters was a frequent feature of Coelho's statements. "Social Security is our ace," he gloated to *The New York Times* on April 16, 1982. "Why would we want to give up our ace?" During budget negotiations that year, some House Republicans, noticing that entitlement spending constituted the fastest-growing share of the federal budget, hinted that they were considering cuts in Social Security income adjustments. Coelho responded by urging Democratic candidates to make Social Security an issue in the midterm elections. He played the same card in 1986, mailing to 200,000 donors a fund-raising letter charging that the Reagan administration would be "callously slashing benefits and services" of the Medicare and Medicaid programs if the Democrats weren't on hand to prevent it.

Coelho also emerged as a protectionist. As head of the DCCC, he coached candidates in what became known as "economic nationalism." One of the generic T.V. ads his campaign committee produced for Democratic candidates in 1986 showed workers vanishing from farms, factories and offices, and blamed Republican trade policies. He encouraged candidates to hold press conferences in front of padlocked plant gates. Insisting that a tough line against foreign imports would stir voters, he told the *Los Angeles Times* on February 16, 1986, that "Democrats will fight for American jobs and American pride, not some philosophical free-trade fantasy."

In defense of interest groups, entitlements and trade protections, Coelho became something of a cynical player. During the 1982 campaign, he exulted to *The New York Times*, "The whole issue of the fear factor is breaking our way!" Then, when things broke badly, he lamented to the *Times* that "generally positive feelings about the economy have negated our ability to develop an emotional issue" around economic distress. When Reagan's foreign policy escapades in Lebanon showed signs of becoming an issue in the 1986 elections, Coelho worried in *Newsweek*: "For all we know, he could pull the troops out and become the peace candidate." When Reagan was shot in 1981, Coelho's first reaction was this outburst of humaneness: "This means an extension of the honeymoon by three to five months.... There is no way Democrats can attack Reagan at all" during his recuperation. Asked why the Democrats opposed Reagan's involvement in Nicaragua, Coelho confessed, "When we play the Vietnam card, we win." Asked why he was attacking Reagan's fiscal loopiness, he replied: "When we talk about mortgaging the future of your kids—that sells." He also insisted that his party should keep pressing the ethical misconduct issue in the Reagan administration: "This is an issue that will work well for us."

Not entirely. It turned out that Coelho had a few ethical problems of his own. He had burnished his lifestyle considerably upon being elected to Congress, accepting approximately $80,000 per year in honoraria and speaking fees. Coelho used the money to make extensive renovations to his Alexandria home, which he proudly referred to as "the house honoraria built." "I'm earning more money than I ever

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dreamed of making," he gloated to the *Los Angeles Times* in 1988. Friends would later speculate that Coelho's ethical troubles stemmed from simply spending too much time cadging contributions from fat cats. He was slowly coming to resemble his marks.

His luck turned in 1989. First came the embarrassing discovery that an embattled S&L, Vernon Savings & Loan of Texas, had furnished him free use of its yacht and private plane while the thrift was being plundered by its owners. After his trips and parties were discovered, Coelho admitted he was wrong to use the yacht and jet, and remitted $48,450 for their use. But no sooner had he put that scandal behind him than he became entangled in an entertaining series of explanations over who did what for him regarding a purchase of $100,000 in junk bonds. A savings and loan executive, Thomas Spiegel—boss of the high-flying Columbia Savings and Loan Association in Beverly Hills and a protégé of Michael Milken—purchased and held $100,000 in junk bonds for Coelho while Coelho was arranging the financing to purchase the bonds himself. Coelho later repaid Spiegel with money borrowed from Spiegel's S&L, Columbia Savings. During the time this bond purchase was taking place, Coelho arranged a meeting for a Columbia lobbyist with a member of the House Banking Committee to discuss issues of interest to Spiegel. Coelho got into trouble when he failed to disclose the $50,000 loan as required by law.

Disclosure tumbled on disclosure. It turned out that Spiegel was a member of Coelho's infamous Speaker's Club and a major contributor to his campaign committee. It also turned out that the junk bond Spiegel helped Coelho obtain—an investment in BCI Holdings Inc.—was a wildly oversubscribed Drexel offering available only to regular Drexel clients and institutional investors. The bonds were such hot items on the offering date that many of Drexel's regular clients couldn't get hold of one. But Milken friend Spiegel recommended it to Coelho, and when he didn't have the cash to purchase it, Spiegel bought it for him. The feds decided to investigate. Like any good businessman, Coelho knew when to get out. He quit the House.

In a sense, Coelho's rehabilitation began the day he resigned. "It was quintessential Coelho," says Fred Hatfield, his former chief of staff. "See the problem. See what's going to happen. Get out of the way. The whole episode was on and off the map so quickly because of how he, on a personal level, dealt with it." Coelho scripted his exit. "He and I walked out of the office together the Wednesday before his decision to resign," recalls David Dreyer, his press secretary at the time. "And he was reviewing with me the scope and variety of press questions I had gotten since he last checked in with me.... He was being examined by the political proctologists across the country.... He asked me at the time if I thought it would ever come to an end. And I said, no, the stories would never stop. The drip-drip-drip will continue. And he just kind of blinked his eyes as if the comment had registered on his computer. And he went out the door and got into his car and went home. Two days later he buzzed me and said: 'I'm resigning, and I'd like to tell you how I think we should get the news out.' And he and I conspired to bring Mike Oreskes and Robin Toner up to the office and give them a little scoop for their Saturday paper."

An important part of Coelho's artistry was his sincerity. He couldn't conceive of the possibility of his own corruption. So when he resigned, it almost seemed as if it were a noble undertaking. "I know I will be cleared," he told the *Times*. "But at what cost to me? At what cost to my party? At what cost to my causes?... I will not be the vehicle to do damage to those institutions and the causes I hold dearly. The cause of epilepsy is my primary concern ... and I feel very strongly about it. I strongly believe that those who are less fortunate need to be represented and I try to do that. I, however, don't think that under the current circumstances I can devote my time to those causes and concerns that I believe so strongly in." He had turned scandal into a growth experience.

Amazingly, the *Times* bought it. "PRIMARY CONCERN: EPILEPSY," read a subhead. "TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF INNER PEACE." Other tributes followed. "The sense of power and decisiveness that surrounded Tony Coelho's political life was never more apparent than when he departed it," breathed *Time*. *Newsweek*'s Conventional Wisdom watch awarded him an up arrow: "OLD C.W.—King of the PAC shakedowns. NEW C.W.— martyr to the cause of decency."

The true reason for his felicitous exit, of course, was more complicated. "He wanted to move on," says a close Coelho friend. "He was broke financially. He did not have ten cents to rub together. He had two girls getting ready to go to college, and financially, he couldn't make it. The only way he would have stayed is if he thought within a very short time he could have been speaker.... He figured it would be eight more years, at least. So he pretty much knew he wasn't going to run again unless something dynamic happened. He said, forget it. I'll get out now while I'm still on top. Then the bond thing moved his timetable up. He said, what the heck. I'm going to go out and make money."

After his resignation, Coelho surpassed himself. At the 1988 Democratic Convention, he had thundered, "When the titans of Wall Street were looting the small investors on Main Street, where was George Bush?" Coelho pledged that his party would fight "the corporate cannibals on Wall Street." So what did he do after leaving the Hill? He became a cannibal on Wall Street. He joined Wertheim Schroeder. "The president of this bank decided after reading *Honest Graft* that he wanted me to come to work here," says Coelho, without smiling. "Yes, there are some criticisms.... But the book also says I'm very strong, that I go for the bottom line and make things happen. And that's what you need in an investment bank.... What he found in *Honest Graft* that he was most excited about was not just that I would ask for money, but that I had managerial skills. And my work here has made me very successful. I can't complain." Neither can Wertheim Schroeder. "Two billion, $3 billion, $4 billion," exults Dan Levitan, one of the bank's managing direc-

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tors. "There have been so many landmarks with Tony."

Coelho's relocation to New York has been a linchpin of his return to grace. "You can count on one hand the people who've left the game and been successful," marvels Representative Robert Matsui. "He's majority whip one day. The next day, he starts all over in a whole new industry." Says former DNC Chair Charles Manatt, now a Washington lobbyist, "He's a very classy man.... He went to Wall Street and made his way in a completely different trade and business." Manatt pauses. "He's *gotten away*. That's what people respect."

But Coelho didn't quite "get away." When he went to Wall Street, a certain amount of Washington went with him. "Tony arrived with no background whatsoever in the asset management business," recalls Wertheim Schroeder Equities Director Bud Morton. "But he did have what seemed to be a great Rolodex." He was put in charge of the Wertheim division that invests in stocks and bonds for pension funds. Most pension fund money belongs to unions, where Coelho already had contacts. He promptly set about converting old political cronies into clients. "Because he's worked with people in political campaigns, and knows them through friendships and political situations, that has created with Tony a certain—opening," says Wertheim's Levitan. "That leads to a discussion of how we can be helpful.... There have been many occasions when he got us in the door when we would not otherwise have done so." Says Barbara Easterling of the Communications Workers of America, one of Coelho's recruits, "The labor movement admires him greatly.... We wanted to give him an opportunity to show us what he could do for us at Wertheim Schroeder." Jay Mazur, president of the Ladies' Garment Workers Union, agrees: "Tony Coelho has basically transferred his extraordinary contacts and ability and reputation to a new format.... If a guy was a prick in Congress, chances are he'll be a prick now. Tony Coelho was someone whom we could count on to give us a fair shake. He didn't sell horse shit and say it was chocolate ice cream. He was a person of integrity, a person who produced what he said he would produce. And best of all, he was available." When Coelho arrived at Wertheim Schroeder, the run-down division had about $700 million under management and was dwindling rapidly. In four years under Coelho, that figure has quintupled to about $4.2 billion and is heading toward his goal of $5 billion.

By 1993 Coelho's old friends were also back in power in Washington. In early 1994, Clinton offered Coelho the chief of staff job, but Coelho rejected it. When Panetta, a longtime Coelho buddy (the two men served in the same California congressional delegation and were in each other's wedding), came onto the scene, he offered him the chairmanship of the DNC. Coelho turned that down, too. He preferred a more informal arrangement. "Chief of staff would have been too quick an entry, too high-profile an office," given his ethics problems, says a friend. "They would have just blistered him."

Then the situation got desperate. "The White House, as you know, was obviously besieged by a lot of problems," says McAuliffe. "They needed somebody more focused ... especially with the first rumblings of the Senate possibly turning over." They also wanted a soundbiter. For months, there had been grumblings on Capitol Hill about the on-air flailings of then-DNC Chair David Wilhelm. Coelho was brought in to balance him. In the panic, Coelho's record was seemingly erased. No one seemed to remember that when presidential candidate Bill Clinton ran ads attacking congressional privileges and "pay raises in Washington," Coelho had called it "a cheap shot" that reflected a "Jimmy Carter-type attitude." No one seemed to remember how in November 1992, Coelho had opined in *National Journal*: "If Clinton worries about the revolving door, he won't be successful. If Clinton gets bogged down in symbols and minutiae, then he will have big problems." The politics of change had been trumped by the politics of incumbency.

Coelho's cynical tactics seemed unchanged from the 1980s. "Ideas," he happily informed Michael Kelly of *The New Yorker*, "are not the issue." Candidates such as Ted Kennedy, he mused to *Newsday*, "can't get re-elected if they run on who they are and what they stand for," and ought to "go at it with negative ads." On October 29 he repeated to Larry King that "the only way you can win races today is with negative advertising." Tactically, however, Coelho had his blunders. "He did one of the Sperling breakfasts during the campaign," laments one campaign consultant, "in which he said that the speaker has to go negative and attack Nethercutt. Foley was a client of ours. That day, he was asked in a press conference, 'Are you going to follow the advice of the DNC and run a negative campaign?' And of course he said, 'No no, I'm not going to run a negative campaign.' Well, that happened to be the day our negative ads were supposed to start. It was just one more hassle that had to be dealt with." Joel Hyatt's Ohio Senate campaign also got steamed at Coelho. "On just the day we were trying to circulate the spin that we were moving forward, Tony was quoted in the press as saying it may be too late for Hyatt," fumes a top campaign staffer. "We had a poll showing that Hyatt was starting to move. But when we tried to circulate, the press jumped on us, saying, 'You say you're moving, but the top DNC person says it's too late.' "

Strategically, Coelho's mistakes were graver. On October 13 he predicted that the Republicans' Contract with America would backfire; he called it "our big break ... a gift from Heaven.... I think we can win on it." He cast the contract as a retread of Reaganism. "People immediately understand what Reaganomics means," he said. "Tax cuts for the wealthy ... and cuts in programs for seniors and veterans. It doesn't take any coaching." Later, he added: "It's a choice of what you want for the future. Tax cuts for the wealthy or fair tax treatment? Medicare cuts? Veterans cuts?"

Veterans cuts?! Coelho also took to the airwaves to defend farm subsidies, fastening on a loose quote of Bill Kristol's that said farm programs might be cut. "That was a rather interesting revelation!" he declared on CNN.

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"What that means is they want survival of the fittest in agriculture—and family farmers beware." On September 31 he vowed: "We will have Democrats all across the country talking about the cuts in Medicare." A day later he added: "They want to eliminate Social Security and Medicaid!" In the fall of 1994, in other words, Coelho believed the Democrats would win as the party of entitlements.

Obviously, no Democrat emerged from this election looking like a rocket scientist. But Coelho's failure was almost comically great. He defends the decision to turn the elections into a showdown between Clintonism and Reaganism. "We did not have an attack in regards to the economy going in, and we in fact developed one." He also defends the decision to champion entitlements. "I take the view that there have to be some programs that are critical to people we represent, that we have to stand on the rock for. Social Security. Medicare. The disability movement." Coelho's limpid brown eyes are fogging over. "When I was in Congress, I fought for the family farm. I just feel there is something about the American farmer, and that we need to preserve that way of life and help and assist those people." I ask for his views on deficit reduction. "I don't think it's something we should die on the sword on," he reflects. He prefers the theme of economic insecurity: "Those were the things we believed in the '80s would bring us back. And they did.... We made Social Security a major issue in '81 and '82, and in '85 and '86. And we were able to pick up House seats as a result of that." Republicans, he says, "have learned their lesson on Social Security. We whupped them on it. That's the type of thing we need to do as a party. *Define* ourselves...." Coelho's voice trails off. For a moment, he looks like even he knows the truth, which is that he has presided over a political fiasco of historic proportions.

What happened? Coelho has an answer. "I haven't seen this written anywhere," he muses. "I think the Reagan announcement on Friday [that he has Alzheimer's] is basically what did it. We were scoring on Reaganomics. But we were being very careful not to attack Reagan the man. Our polling showed the numbers were moving with us. But when he announced he had Alzheimer's ... it was all over the evening news. And the country reacted. All of a sudden, sympathy set in for the guy. I think it really stopped us. I don't know what else could have happened."

In any event, Coelho is already looking forward. His defenders say that since the conditional arrangement at the White House worked so well, there's now nothing he can't do. "From Tony's perspective," says Tom Nides, "he walked through the fire and did not get blown up.... He can now be involved as much as he wants to be involved. It's his personal prerogative. If you want to call it rehabilitated, he's rehabilitated." Martin Franks agrees: "Slowly but surely, the cloud is being dispelled."

What does this mean for Coelho's future in the West Wing? "I think Tony will have two key roles going into 1996," says former Representative Dennis Eckart, one of Coelho's best friends. "The first will be helping Democrats in Congress.... The outcome of the election puts Tony in a situation where if Dick Gephardt says, 'Tony, you have spare time, you owe it to me,' Tony can't say no. So a lot of disposable time is going to end up being spent on behalf of his former colleagues. Second," Eckart continues, "without a doubt, he will have a key role in the reelection campaign. And I say that with certitude." Rahm Emanuel agrees: "We look to him for strategic thinking and coordination. Recognizing a problem; putting a plan in place. He's someone who works late nights making sure the party has a future and survives in a strategic and tactical way. I am constantly on the phone with him. Leon is constantly on the phone with him. Seeking advice, seeking background."

Coelho remains happy to help. "I like to have fifteen balls in the air at once," he says. "The White House. My work at the bank. My corporate boards. This bank doesn't lobby. It doesn't get involved in politics. So it's really just a question of time management." Coelho is sitting pretty: as an "unpaid, temporary volunteer," he has authority but no responsibility. He's not technically culpable for anything. "I was only there for what, seventy days?" he says.

There is one way in which Coelho really does serve the Democratic Party. His presence in its councils of power provides a test of its willingness to take the election results seriously. Coelho's influence is as good a sign as any of Clinton's commitment to change: the more Coelho, the less change. Nobody represents the Democratic past, and the Washington status quo, as clearly as Coelho. Clinton can make as many statements as he wants—a middle-class tax cut here, an agency abolition there—but as long as Coelho matters to him, you can count on business as usual.

Meanwhile, Coelho's on a roll. Wertheim Schroeder is particularly thrilled by his rehabilitation. Dan Levitan gives an example of how Coelho's connections work subtly to help business. "I do a lot of work with the CEO of Starbucks," he says. "One day, I thought, Wouldn't it be great if the White House drank Starbucks? That would really get out the message that quality and value are what Starbucks are all about. Well, the next thing you know, the health care task force is calling the CEO of Starbucks, wanting to know about our extraordinary benefits plan. Next thing you know, the CEO of Starbucks is being called to Washington for a meeting with the president. He goes into the Oval Office. The president is sitting there. The president has a Starbucks mug! The president takes him into the White House kitchen. And there's a big bag of Starbucks by the coffee machine! It just blew him away."

"This," says Levitan, "was all as a result of my calling up Tony and saying, you know, this would be helpful to us. It's vintage Coelho. It's a win for the president, because it's a way for him to meet companies like Starbucks who are doing things synonymous with what he's trying to accomplish. It's a win for Starbucks, because it gives it visibility in Washington. And obviously, it's a win for Wertheim. What does Tony get out of that except everyone's admiration?" •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Under Western Skies

With the arrival of his new film, Edward Zwick's career divides neatly in half: two modern films and two historical. *About Last Night . . .* was a fairly trenchant adaptation of one of David Mamet's Chicago plays. *Leaving Normal* was a thin cousin of *Thelma & Louise*—two mature women on the move. Between the two modern pictures came *Glory*, Zwick's magnificent film about a black regiment during the Civil War. (I've seen it three times and hope I'm not finished with it.) *Glory* has no connection, in terms of clarity and control, with the pictures that preceded and followed it. After the first three films, the pertinent question was: Who *is* Edward Zwick?

Legends of the Fall (TriStar) only worries the question. This is his second historical film, set in Montana from about the turn of the century to the 1960s. When I heard that it was en route, I hoped that it would further the qualities that lifted *Glory*—firmness of intent and an irresistible sense of large-scale design. *Legends* is large-scale, all right, but the intent and the design waver. The story is serpentine, like a serial. As it progresses, it seems to discover new episodes, instead of moving toward them ineluctably.

The screenplay by Susan Shilliday and Bill Witliff, based on a Jim Harrison novella, is a family chronicle. Through it, we are meant to see the dwindling of pioneer spirit, the encroachments of littleness on largeness, the dimming of great-souled venture. Hence the title. This is hardly a new theme in American film, fiction, verse (e.g., Benet's "The Ballad of William Sycamore"); still, it's a usable, pleasantly romantic one. The Shilliday-Witliff screenplay, however, simply isn't up to the job. Besides the structural jigsawing, the dialogue is inadequate—windy in the "epic" moments, trite in the intimate ones; so the theme isn't realized nearly as well as is needed.

Around the end of the last century, Colonel William Ludlow retires from the U.S. Army because of the government's slaughter of Indians. He moves to Montana with his wife, has three sons and, together with an Indian friend, prospers at cattle ranching. His wife doesn't like the life there and returns to the East, leaving her sons. The youngest son, Samuel, after his first year at Harvard, brings home a fiancée named Susannah. World War I erupts. Samuel and the middle brother, Tristan, go to Canada and join up.

Samuel is killed in France. Tristan, who had flickered toward Susannah earlier, comes home and does more than flicker. But he has wanderlust. He leaves—for years—and Susannah, who remains on the premises, first waiting for Samuel, then for Tristan, gets a proposal from the oldest brother, Alfred.

Further episodes include the return of Tristan—Ulysses to the Penelope who didn't wait for him, the arrival of Prohibition and Tristan's entry into bootlegging as a new form of adventure. (Roaming the world evidently wasn't enough for him.) Gangsterism arises because of the bootlegging and takes its toll. The family ranch ultimately desolate, Tristan sets off once again into the wilderness. At the last, in his 60s, he encounters a bear—not the first such encounter for him—and in a hand-to-paw struggle, is killed. (The fight is in slow motion, à la Peckinpah.) A narrator's voice calls it "a good death."

That narrator is the old Indian who has lived on the ranch since before the boys were born. A few other Indians are also involved. The old man represents primitive visionary sagacity, the sort of spiritual décor that Oliver Stone admires; the very first sound we hear, under the opening credits, is the old man's chanting. The lore that he teaches the boys—Tristan especially—is in stark contrast to the flabbiness of civilization. (An instance of Tristan's training: on the European battlefield he cuts out his dead brother's heart so that he can bring it home for burial.)

No account of the "fall" of vigorous Western life could subordinate males to females, but *Legends* leans heavily the other way. The few women in the film are props for male actors. The colonel's wife is shunted out of the way as soon as she supplies the three sons, and she reappears only near the end. Susannah is of amorous-sexual service to all three of the brothers through the years, and in a final gesture she takes herself out of the way because of them.

This centering on males is itself centered on Tristan—or, rather, on the actor who plays him, Brad Pitt. One of the two flaws in *Glory* was the casting of Matthew Broderick as the commander; the casting of Pitt is problematic, too, and Zwick

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Colonel Chabert. *Balzac's story deftly adapted, directed, acted. Gérard Depardieu towers as the unexpected survivor of a Napoleonic battle who upsets the people who thought him dead. (Reviewed 12/26/94)* **Ladybird Ladybird.** *An unmarried London mother fights to keep her children. Once again Ken Loach treats the poor as if they actually lived in the same world with us, and does it with skill and sympathy. (12/12/94)* **Red.** *A young woman with love troubles, a crusty retired judge who remembers the same sort of troubles, some lovers around them. Disregard all the inflated talk about the director, Krzysztof Kieslowski, and find a good Chabrol tale. (12/19/94)* **Vanya on 42nd Street.** *A treasure. Under André Gregory's direction, a group of actors gathers in an abandoned theater for a run-through of "Uncle Vanya." The kind of Chekhov acting we long for and rarely get. (11/7/94)*—**SK**

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seems to know it because he spends much of the film trying to build up Pitt as a persona. Tristan is the Wild One of the brothers. Zwick apparently had in his mind an image of the young Brando in the role, and strives to transform Pitt into Brando. He flanks Pitt with two less colorful actors as the other brothers. Pitt is the only one of the trio who wears his hair long, is constantly open-shirted and bronzed (how did the other two brothers on the ranch remain relatively pale?), is photographed heroically. When Samuel is killed on the battlefield, the machine-gunning obligingly stops so that Pitt can have the chance to show, by lament and ritual, that he is unconventional. When Tristan is traveling the world and sails to the South Seas, Zwick shows him at the helm of the ship (schooled suddenly in seamanship), breasting the breeze. Yet, despite all these ministrations, Pitt remains insufficiently Brandoid. This leaves both the film's immediate impact and its theme somewhat unfulfilled.

The other brothers are passably done by Aidan Quinn and Henry Thomas. Anthony Hopkins is the colonel. Much of the time this excellent actor stands on the front steps of his house saying "Goodbye, son" and "Hello, son" as the boys leave and return. Toward the end the colonel has a stroke, and Hopkins gets the chance to contort his face. The only winning performance is by Julia Ormond, an English actress, as Susannah. She has remarkably little to say for a character who is around so much, and what she has to say doesn't sparkle; but she does.

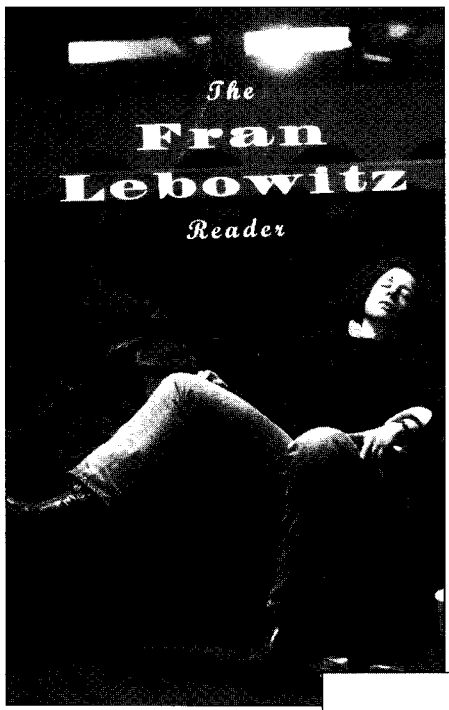
Like several other recent films about the American West, *Legends* was shot in western Canada, its splendors well perceived by the cinematographer, John Toll. Zwick repeats the second flaw of *Glory* by using James Horner as his composer. More ladled-on musical gravy. The editing by Steve Rosenblum is sometimes of the "Oops" variety: we feel that a snippet is inserted that was earlier discarded and was later found to be necessary. For instance, we get a seemingly shoved-in shot of the colonel cleaning his new shotgun, to jog our memory of that gun, because he has to use it later on.

Certainly *Legends of the Fall* shows some spatial imagination and some reach for the grand, but on the whole it leaves us confused about Zwick. His profile is still obscure. If his two modern films were mild, we still can't say he isn't at home with contemporary material—he had much success in T.V., especially as co-creator of "thirtysomething." And this new period piece falters. All we're left with is the fact that we don't yet know who Zwick really is, we don't yet know how to be confident about him. Since he's the man who made *Glory*, the questions matter. •

Fran Lebowitz

is "the funniest woman in America."

—Edmund White, *Washington Post*



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Robert Brustein on Theater

Plays for the Parch

Sam Shepard's new play, **Simpatico**, which he also directed (at the New York Public Theater), has taken as many critical lumps as his last play, *States of Shock*. Viewed as an overarching dramatic work, *Simpatico* probably deserves a few knocks, but I found it an absorbing evening nevertheless, Shepard's best since *Buried Child*—not because of the cryptic writing, which is strong in individual scenes but ultimately too swamped by its own mysteries. I admired it largely for its acting values. Shepard's directorial technique has advanced considerably in confidence and precision since he last staged *A Lie of the Mind*. He's a whiz now with scene work; there isn't a slack moment in the play. But, as in *Lie of the Mind*, the director is too reluctant to edit the playwright; some fat could have been profitably cut. At three hours, *Simpatico* is simply too long for its subject matter. Even supplied with ample detail to distract you from the thin dramatic purpose, you tend to leave the theater feeling a little unsatisfied. Still, the evening is wonderfully conceived and performed, and riveting moment by moment. *Simpatico* is a sustained piece of virtuosity that makes you happy Sam Shepard has returned to the stage.

At some point in the proceedings, a character says, "Who is it decided to do away with all the plots?" Well, whoever it was, all the plots ended up in *Simpatico*, which has enough for a dozen such plays. It is true that Shepard has already written some of these plots, and has often written them better. He has looted *True West* for the symbiotic tension between his once "simpatico" central male characters, *Geography of a Horse Dreamer* for reflections on the corruptions of the racetrack and *A Fool for Love* for a sultry love scene. He has also borrowed some sexual teasing from Tennessee Williams's *Baby Doll*, some film noir atmosphere from James M. Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Double Indemnity*, and a whole character (a drifter masquerading as a detective) from the movie *Miami Blues*. This is larceny on a grand creative scale, but *Simpatico* still bears the characteristic stamp of its author. Like Brecht, Shepard knows how to convert others' private property into his own idiosyncratic real estate.

The trouble is that a coherent dramatic purpose tends to get lost in the underbrush. *Simpatico* is tantalizing enough in its narrative twists and turns to hold your interest, but what it finally delivers is not sufficient substance to reward your patience. As the action drifts from Cucamonga, California, to bluegrass Kentucky and back again, *Simpatico* begins to revolve around a racetrack scam that is now causing Carter, the central character, to come apart at the seams. Fifteen years before the action begins, Carter switched a couple of thoroughbreds in order to make a quick bundle and, when the racing commissioner detected the swindle, arranged to have him discredited. In the manner of a private eye collecting evidence for a divorce, he had photos taken of the commissioner in a motel encounter with a young woman, and blackmailed him into silence.

The commissioner (Simms) agreed to hold his tongue and go to another town under an assumed name. But Vinnie Webb, the accomplice who took the photographs (his ex-wife, Rosie, was the woman in the motel room), now wants to expose the truth, partly to come out from under his long exile, partly to pay Carter back for stealing Rosie and his '58 Buick. As in most Shepard plays, the sibling rivalry between these longtime companions is the nub of the action. The playwright draws a familiar contrast between a slick successful achiever (Carter) who is nevertheless riddled with guilt, and a disheveled, disreputable loner (Vinnie) who maintains the moral high ground.

Carter and Vinnie are played by Ed Harris and Fred Ward, both of them (along with Shepard) alumni of *The Right Stuff*, so the casting is like a class reunion. Harris, wearing a tan double-breasted suit in danger of being shredded by his muscles, does a subtle take on a rigid man without a center, an ex-ex-alcoholic with quivering shoulders, an eggshell in the process of being fragmented. Ward, sporting a two-day growth of beard and a mischievous glint as Vinnie, fully inhabits the role of a derelict masquerading as a private dick and only dicking himself.

Vinnie takes a tour of Kentucky, carrying a shoebox full of the incriminating photographs, eager to find "the man who fell from grace," the mysterious Simms. Simms (another strong, raspy performance by James Gammon), while denying his identity, nevertheless admits that he once heard of a man who had been vilified and railroaded out of town, at the loss of his entire family (though, Simms adds, "loss can be a powerful elixir"). When Simms spurns the photos, Vinnie goes to Lexington to offer them to Rosie, his ex-wife (Beverly D'Angelo in a steamy, gin-soaked performance). First she refuses to recognize him, then also refuses the negatives.

In the meantime, Carter has been making time with Vinnie's girlfriend, Cecilia (Marcia Gay Harden). He eventually persuades her to visit Simms by telling her hypnotic sagas of the Kentucky Derby. She believes Simms has bought Vinnie's negatives and now wants to buy them back for Carter. But Simms's ironic manner, his insinuating stories of great thoroughbreds such as Secretariat, work on her like an aphrodisiac, making her short of breath. Simms tells her he was betrayed by two snakes: "Some of us get caught with our pants down and some of us don't—I was one of the lucky ones."

When Vinnie rejoins Carter, who is holed up in Vinnie's bed, he finds a shivering wreck of man who can't put on his own pants and believes his number is up. Carter now wants to swap lives, just as he once swapped horses. He offers Vinnie his fortune, his estate and Rosie in return for Vinnie's purity of conscience. Vinnie, "working on a new case," ignores him and leaves. Cecilia returns to pour Carter's money over him on the bed, just as Tilden in *Buried Child* once poured vegetables over his father's sleeping body. The phone rings. Carter is too paralyzed to answer it.

Aside from its impressionist portrait of treachery, betrayal and failed redemption, this doesn't add up to much more than manipulated suspense, but it is a wonder how Shepard can keep us traveling with him on this long day's journey into blight. *Simpatico* is a treasure hunt that never yields much treasure, except as a demonstration of fine ensemble acting and powerful directing (along with sharp minimalist designing by Loy Arcenas, who can even make a dirty kitchen sink look like a sinister symbol). If it doesn't entirely deliver as a play, *Simpatico* certainly satisfies as a rich theatrical effluvium, and that's no small thing in a time of drought.

Another antidote to drought has been playing at the Trinity Repertory Company in Providence, Rhode Island, a play called **The Waiting Room** by a young, extremely gifted West Coast writer named Lisa Loomer. The title refers to a waiting room in a doctor's office, occupied by three sickly women of different

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nationalities, periods and temperaments: Forgiveness from Heaven, an eighteenth-century Chinese wife whose bound feet (size three) have caused her toes to fall off; Victoria, a Victorian lady with a sixteen-inch cinched waist, whose "hysteria" is treated as a gynecological disease (she has tried every known cure, including leeches on her vagina, and now must have her ovaries removed); and the modern Wanda, whose mountainous silicone breasts, along with nose and cheekbone jobs, thigh and tummy tucks, have resulted in a fatal case of breast cancer. ("How can you get cancer?" asks a nurse, "You don't have a single body part that's real.")

Each are victims of idiotic male ideals of beauty, but instead of angry indictments, Loomer provides an evening of black comedy in the coruscating manner of Caryl Churchill, lacing it with wit, grace and insight. Douglas, who provides primary care for all these suffering ladies, is an overworked doctor with a head cold, hawking and spitting and offering minimal comfort ("It's perfectly normal ... call me if it turns green"). Victoria's husband, Oliver, is an uptight British fop who stammers when he utters the word "Mother." (Victoria involuntarily hits him in the chest whenever she says the word "husband.") Forgiveness from Heaven agrees to bind the feet of her husband's fifth wife, an 11-year-old, as long as she gets to puff on her opium pipe. Wanda, who has no husband despite her surgical sacrifices, has come to believe that "the odds of my getting married by 40 are not quite as good as my getting shot by a terrorist."

The keen clinical satire would be enough to carry this play, but it eventually veers off into something more important—a lacerating examination of the limitations of medicine (symbolized by the goddess Hygeia, a triple amputee) and the venal reasons why cancer has not yet been cured. Everyone seems to have the disease, including Dr. Douglas, but the only promising treatment has been blocked by the FDA through the machinations of a greedy drug company. By the end, all three women are on gurneys performing a hospital bed ballet—Forgiveness has lost four toes to gangrene, Victoria has had her uterus removed and Wanda has said goodbye to her breasts. The future of all three is dim. "But we'll see each other in the waiting room, won't we, and it's always such a long wait."

It is a very moving play, all the more remarkable for being so hilariously cross-cultural (Victoria tells a noisy rapper to shut the hell up—"There's no melody"). And under David Schweitzer's crisp and effortless direction, it is extremely well-acted by the entire cast, especially the three central women, June Kyoko Lu, Anne Scurria and Janice Duclos, and by William Damkoehler as the sniffling po-faced physician, Dr. Douglas.

The Waiting Room arrives in the first season supervised by Trinity's new artistic director, Oskar Eustis, who was responsible for the play's debut at the Mark Taper in Los Angeles. If Eustis can continue to attract work of this high quality, then Trinity will soon be an important oasis for plays that relieve the parch. •

Sex, virtue and the costumes of the middle class.

Looking Good, Being Good

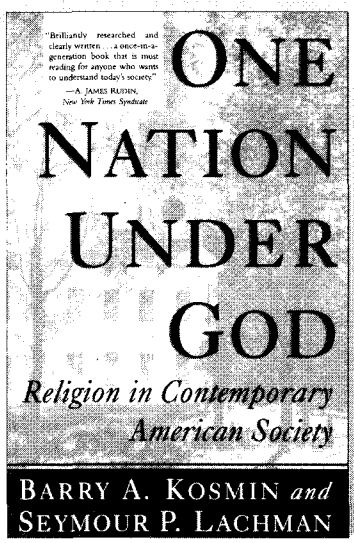
BY MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM

For many fashion-conscious Frenchmen, the triumph of the dark suit, imported from England, was a source of national shame and aesthetic distress. "The sun's rays have disappeared," wrote a Parisian journalist in 1869, "giving way to the lugubrious shadows in which our tailors envelop us." Another more vitriolic writer was quick to envisage the demise of the hated costume:

> O ... black suit ... borrowed from perfidious Albion who inflicts it on every rank from a Peer of the Three Kingdoms to a Street Sweeper.... I won't miss you, dull, banal black suit that everyone wears on every occasion. May you disappear forever. May you emigrate with an export subsidy, go away threadbare, and, giving up the ghost through your broken buttons, may you metamorphose into a tabard on the back of a London cabby or on the rump of a Congolese or Zanzibarian as black as you.... The black suit is dying;... the black suit is dead!

In one way, this prediction has been a staggering failure. The suit is alive and well. It is the costume of respectable dress for heads of state, businessmen, lawyers, criminal defendants, and in a

What do Cardinal O'Connor, Billy Graham, and Elie Wiesel have in common?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form remarkably little changed from that of its Anglo-Parisian ancestor. In another way, it has come true: for suits, without ever having left Paris, have taken up their "export subsidy" and have moved to every nation of the world, replacing traditional national dress for many functions connected with the serious business of life.

What explains this remarkable stability, or, as Anne Hollander calls it, "the staying power of male tailoring"? No deliberate preservationist or antiquarian effort can be found, Hollander argues. It appears that we must look to human desire for the answer. The Parisian suit-hater left out one profound fact, which Hollander's scholarship produces: in their confident, forceful elegance, in their modern simplicity of line, in their remarkable ability to combine a look of virtuous personhood with a look of sleek and easy animality, suits are very sexy.

Hollander's brilliant, funny, exuberant essay is neither a straightforward history of dress nor a philosophical analysis of fashion. In its nonlinear manner, however, it suggests a thesis of serious political interest. It is commonly claimed that the ideals of personhood and equality that we owe to the Enlightenment lack motivational power. This is so, it is alleged, because these ideals are too abstract, too remote from our memories and dreams and wishes, to grip us and to inspire real passion. (This alleged lack during the Enlightenment is frequently mentioned to explain, or even to justify, the resurgence of interest in forms of local and ethnic identity.) Hollander's witty praise of the suit is, I think, a playful and yet serious defense of the Enlightenment against these charges.

Many men and women, Hollander suggests, have managed to remain passionate about equality and personhood in a way that transcends boundaries of class and gender and nation. This is partly because they have managed to embody these ideals in shapes that appeal to the erotic imagination, playfully combining aspiration with sex and humor, virtue with the delight of line and shape. In the enduring sexiness of the suit, we may read the triumph of Kantian ethics.

Before we examine Hollander's case for this unexpected thesis, we had better begin with the story told in Philippe Perrot's more pedestrian volume, a history of clothing in Paris during the nineteenth century, since Perrot tells a simple story of the rise of the suit, which Hollander will partly accept and partly undermine. *Fashioning the Bourgeoisie*, which was published in Paris in 1981 and now appears in Richard Bienvenu's fine translation, is filled with fascinating detail, but its argument is not complicated. By the middle of the nineteenth century, the French bourgeoisie had attained sufficient social and economic influence to dictate the course of fashion (which had been around as an institution for several centuries). The bourgeoisie prided itself on the virtues of thrift, responsibility and self-control. The suit, dark, stiff and austere, expressed the new self-image of the bourgeois male; men abandoned the "fashion game" of the old aristocracy to join "the inexorable tendency toward somberness and severity." Meanwhile, women, more frivolous beings, continued to be adorned, thus serving to demonstrate, as ornamental objects, the prosperity of the men who kept them. In this way men could manifest both thrift and opulence. The dress of both sexes became a form of male self-display.

Sex and Suits:
The Evolution of Modern Dress
by Anne Hollander
(Knopf, 212 pp., $25)

Fashioning the Bourgeoisie: A History of Clothing in the Nineteenth Century
by Philippe Perrot
translated by Richard Bienvenu
(Princeton University Press, 273 pp., $29.95)

The Empire of Fashion:
Dressing Modern Democracy
by Gilles Lipovetsky
translated by Catherine Porter
(Princeton University Press, 276 pp., $24.95)

Bourgeois dress manifested bourgeois virtues. At the same time, to a remarkable degree, it effaced distinctions of class and rank. The rise of ready-to-wear clothing made it possible for an astute male to look elegant, and males began to look all the same when dressed for serious business. With the democratization of attire went the democratization of shopping, as both sexes flocked to the newly created department stores, where one could wander and look and desire without pressure or demand. This gave equality another boost. The cultivation of consumer fantasy, Perrot argues, encouraged respect for the dignity and the freedom of each person's imagining. Those too poor to buy no longer had to stand outside, nose pressed to the window; they could consume in thought and they could touch, even when they could not purchase.

Perrot tells this story with a wealth of documentation that is frequently more interesting than the commentary it receives. He gives us rich details about the personal hygiene of this apparently fastidious middle class. (The medical rule was *saepe manus, raro pedes, nunquam caput*, "the hands often, the feet seldom, the head never"; and the habit of bathing more than once a month indicated "a certain indolence and softness that ill suits a woman.") We learn a great deal about the history of gloves, of footwear, of female and male underwear, including their laundering. (Perrot finds no evidence of laundry receipts for male undergarments, even in the most extensive of lists. One source comments that "information on underpants which have been worn for a long time is too vague to be used.") We learn that it was controversial whether male flannel underwear dulls sexual sensitivity by constant friction, or arouses it by an "electrogalvanic effect," as was maintained in a treatise of 1855 called "Study of the Action of Flannel in Direct Contact with the Skin."

As such a title shows, the issue of sex is never far away when clothing is the subject. In a particularly fascinating section of his book, Perrot shows us that nineteenth-century Paris had a way of discovering sexual pathology in the most apparently pleasurable and normal clothing-related activities. While bourgeois dress expressed (as Perrot sees it) an ascetic indifference to sexuality, the sexual vagaries of shopping and shoppers became the object of a medical discourse of obsessive complexity. The crowded department store was seen as a "compulsive, feverish, sensual" environment, in which the observer could discern manifold varieties of surreptitious male caressing of women. ("First come the 'gropers,' casual and haphazard, not yet fully corrupted.... Somewhat worse are the 'frotteurs,' easily recognized by their glances from top to bottom directed primarily toward women's necklines and bosoms....")

Women, meanwhile, manifested the characteristically female pathology of hysteria. Given the sensuous appeal of clothing on display, this frequently expressed itself in compulsive shoplifting. (One wealthy woman stole 300 ties from a display stand; her house yielded 248 pairs of pink gloves.) Interviewing 104 women accused of such thefts between 1868 and 1881, Dr. Legrand du Saulle made the following diagnostic analysis:

"Pathological" Thefts

Very feebleminded:	4
Hysterical lunatics:	9
Hemiplegic lunatics:	2
Totally paralyzed lunatics:	5
Senile lunatics:	5
Total:	25

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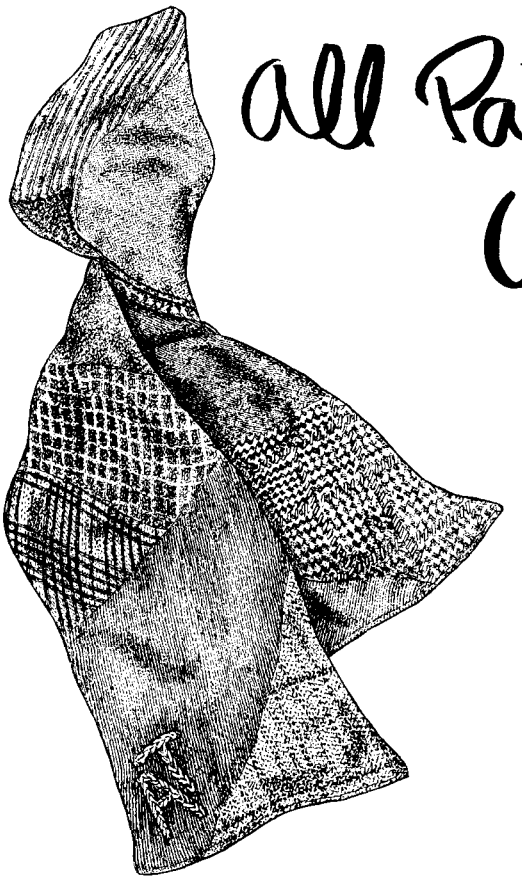
"Semipathological" Thefts

Hysterics, 15-42 years old, apprehended at the time of their menstrual periods:	35
Hysterics of the same age but not in their menstrual periods:	6
Girls or women hereditarily predisposed to mental illness (with a greater or lesser number of hysterical symptoms):	24
Women at menopause or seriously weakened by uterine hemorrhages:	10
Pregnant women:	5
Total:	80

Foucault would have reveled in these classifications. Perrot has nothing much to say about them. He does not ask about those remarkable "totally paralyzed female lunatics" who somehow manage to pilfer alluring objects from Bon Marché. (Suits perhaps, their alleged stiffness and immobility matching the lunatics' condition?) He does not ask why, in the long career of female vice, there should be a crime-free interval between the age of 42 and menopause—a question of urgent philosophical interest to some readers. (Do women of this age look especially closely at men's suits, internalizing the lessons of virtue they afford?) And why are all these women who prowl department stores so bursting with pent-up sexual feeling (even when they are seriously weakened by uterine hemorrhages) if men, indistinguishable in their funereal suits, have never looked more boring?

For the answer to that question, we must turn from Perrot to Hollander. Hollander agrees with Perrot about a part of the story of nineteenth-century fashion: about the role of fashion in undercutting distinctions of class and rank, about the rise of ready-to-wear clothing as an opportunity for people of all ranks to look elegant. She takes a similar interest in the rise of consumer culture as an ally of democratization: each shopper, encouraged to devise forms of individual expression, becomes, far more than the original designer, the primary creative agent. But the story that Hollander tells about women and men is far more complicated than Perrot's, and more convincing. It is, above all, the story of the dark suit, which Hollander sees as a triumph of modern design, not as a dull anti-fashion dropout.

She urges that we begin with an undeniable fact: the suit looks wonderful. Flattering to almost any height and shape, moving easily and draping itself with grace as the wearer sits or rises, the "abstract tripartite envelope" is "relentlessly modern in the best classic sense." It is, moreover, "thoroughly erotic." (And she notes that this is so from points



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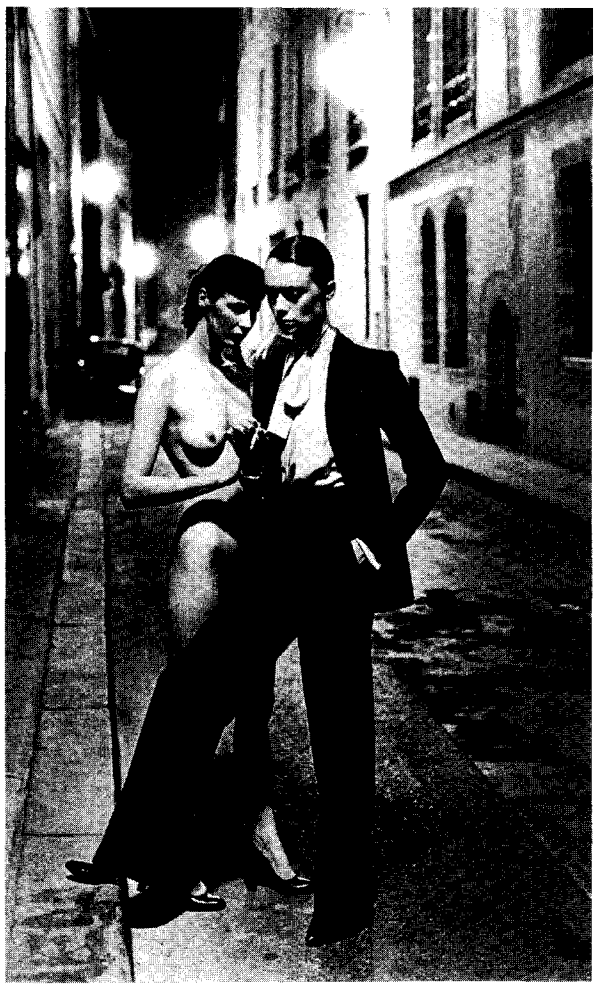
of view different in place and time.) Whereas earlier fashions in male dress had drawn attention to the clothing itself, displaying the beauty of the costume rather than the man, the suit's "careful fit without adornments, on the other hand, emphasizes the unique grace of the individual body—indeed creates it, in the highest tailoring tradition."

Hollander does not deny the connection of the suit with bourgeois ideals of virtue and sobriety. But she gives even this part of the story a complicated pedigree. Suits do, in a way, allude to austere ideals—say, the simplicity and the muted color of clerical dress. But they also contain allusions to military dress, and this, she insists, is a part of their lasting appeal: "Such a creative combination of opposites—the easy roughness of practical war gear blended with the reticence of clerical clothing—has had a lasting power over the masculine sartorial imagination."

And the suit's allusions to ideals of virtue are not exhausted by its references to clerical garb. Hollander's cover displays a nude Greek statue of a young man, with the powerful physique and the small genitalia by which classical sculpture traditionally suggests the virtue of moderation. It is one of Hollander's most original claims that the suit is, in effect, the nineteenth century's way of recreating this neoclassical ideal. Using wool, known as the common fabric of antiquity, and itself a "sculptural medium" able to "follow and complement the shapes and movements of the wearer's body without buckling and rippling," tailors constructed a costume of truly classical simplicity, referring to classical ideals of balance, naturalness, artlessness, moderation and even rationality.

Just as nudity, for the Greeks, was the dress of personhood—the face and its expressions, undiminished by distracting decoration, showing, as Plato put it, the "traces of the soul"—so the suited man, with his muted colors and matte finish, became, paradoxically, more of a distinct moral character by virtue of his suited sameness to other males, his individual excellence becoming not less but more important against the simple background. At a formal evening occasion, when men wore suits and women each wore a different decorative gown, the women were individuated by their costumes, and their souls were lost, "as if the same doll were dressed in many different ways," whereas men were all soul, so to speak, in their apparently monotonous black and white.

The suit is the costume of virtue. It is also, Hollander has said, thoroughly erotic. This combination seems to be what explains, in her account, the staying power of the suit, and thus its contribution to serious social issues. But how should we understand the combination? Hollander expresses the relationship between the suit-as-virtue thesis and the suit-as-sex thesis in more than one way, and we must try to get clear about the connection. Does the suit make only superficial reference to ideals of virtue, its primary message being erotic? Does it refer only or primarily to ideals of virtue, though one may still see through to the body beneath? And if the suit refers to virtue and to sex, are these separable elements in the overall package, or does the suit eroticize virtue itself?



Tutti I Diritti Reservati, Milan

PHOTOGRAPH BY HELMUT NEWTON, *VOGUE*, 1975

We can easily see that Hollander does not intend to claim that the suit's reference to virtue is merely superficial: she insists, consistently and vigorously, on the centrality of neoclassical ideals of excellence for the suit's design and success. We can also quickly conclude, I think, that the suit, in her view, does not refer only to virtue, while merely permitting the viewer to imagine the body. Hollander does suggest this idea at times, writing exuberantly of the way in which suits in motion reveal traces of the limbs beneath. But look closely at this fine sentence: "Knees and elbows pushed casually through the cloth, creating a few spare folds that echoed, with an austere and flattering rhythm, the easy dignity of the wearer's natural demeanor." This suggests that the eroticism of the suited body is no mere coincidence: it is created by tailoring itself. The sentence suggests, further, that in Hollander's view the suit eroticizes virtue. The same rhythm that is "austere" is at the same time "flattering," and the "easy dignity" characteristic of neoclassical virtue is also extremely sexy—as Hollander elsewhere puts it, the ease of an animal at home in its own skin.

I think that Hollander means to claim both that the suit eroticizes virtue and that it contains also some separate animal references. Like the nude statues that are, oddly, its archetype, suits make virtue seem sexy, by revealing it as housed appropriately in a forceful and well-balanced body. The young nude male of classical sculpture was an object of desire precisely because he looked so virtuous. (The old-fashioned speaker in Aristophanes' *Clouds* bemoans the fact that the youth of today, having lost old-time habits of virtuous self-discipline, look soft and sexually unattractive.) In a similar way, the suit, precisely by displaying its wearer as not a sensualist but as a moral agent of dignity and integrity, barely conscious of his body though it does indeed from time to time push through the cloth, makes him extremely alluring.

This effect is heightened by the way that the suit makes references to animality as well as to personhood. Because of its naturalness and its easy looseness by contrast to earlier male costumes, the suit creates—along with the image of the classical nude—the image of the sleek lounging animal, whose skin drapes easily around its powerful muscles and bones. The two images coexist in "a nonchalant counterpoint," creating a being who is remarkably complete, not only as a subject but also as an erotic object. (What more could one

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want than stable virtue allied to sexual power, rational integrity with knees and elbows?)

Hollander does not say so, but we can see here a powerful representation of a long-enduring ideal of marriage. Surely, the puzzle of the suit's longevity is bound up with the enduring appeal of that institution. The suit announces that one can harmoniously combine sexual fascination with stability, and that the combination brings not stress but relaxed delight. One might conjecture—though this takes us beyond Hollander's argument—that the lasting attraction of the suit is the lasting attraction of this profound human wish.

This brings us to the subject of women. Hollander's story of the rise of the suit is told as part of a larger story about the changing relationships between male and female costume. If (as I have extended her account) the nineteenth century's suited male embodies the contradictions of bourgeois marriage, only the twentieth century creates the possibility of a marriage between equals. As Hollander's discussion of the ball shows, the decorated female on the arm of the suited male is, in a sense, a more primitive creature than he: a dressed up doll on the arm of a person. Perrot saw the decorated woman only as an occasion for the display of male wealth. Hollander, as usual, sees more deeply.

She discerns in the wish to enclose women in yards of distracting drapery a deliberate if not fully conscious design to deny women full membership in the moral community. While the suit is adult and modern, women's dress infantalized and at the same time generalized them, deflecting attention from the signs of the soul to ribbons, bows, flounces—all feeding "the pernicious feeling ... that women aren't ordinary persons, each naturally a human mixture." The concealment of female legs in particular reinforced mythic stereotypes of the woman as mermaid—human in voice, face, bosom, hair, neck and arms, but beneath the yards of cloth a mysterious unseen region of oceanic unclean animality.

Hollander vividly tells the tale of the rise of truly modern female clothing, the liberation of legs by pants and short skirts, the creation of the classic female suit, "its brand of sexuality ... similarly adult and essentially self-respecting, rather than exuberant, boastful, infantine or perverse." Although she recognizes that men can help themselves to decorative accoutrements that were for a long time taboo, she insists, plausibly, that the shape and the cut of acceptable male dress has changed remarkably little (even jeans and overalls are not a radical break from trousers as the suit created them). The big change is that females can now be equal partners in mobility and good tailoring.

Hollander doesn't say enough, I think, about the tensions and the conflicts that go along with this claim to equality, about men's continued demand for women as decorated children even after women have asserted their sartorial adulthood. After all, the "adult and self-respecting" sexuality of Rosiland Russell, Barbara Stanwyck and Katharine Hepburn in their elegant tailored suits was followed directly by the "boastful, infantine" image of Marilyn Monroe's skirt swirling up to reveal her clenched legs, like the sea-foam billowing round the mermaid's tail.

Nor does women's claim to the attire of male respectability always win recognition in the workplace. To cite a representative example, in a recent court case in Indiana, Mary Carr, the first woman to be employed in the General Motors tinsmith shop, won a large judgment for sexual harassment. A central form of the harassment that she suffered was malicious cutting of the seat of her workman's overalls, as if her claim to that form of equal dress—the suit, so to speak, of that profession (Hollander treats overalls as a close relative of the suit)—constituted an especially keen threat to the self-esteem of her male coworkers.

Hollander's essentially exuberant and upbeat story of the expression of sexual fantasy in dress leaves too little room for the darker aspects of fantasy, its connections with oppression and inequality, its interconnections with struggles having real political and personal stakes. And there are other serious questions that she avoids raising. The worldwide triumph of the suit is treated as essentially a triumph of comfort and sexiness, rather than as a legacy of colonialism, or an outgrowth, more recently, of the dominance of Western-style markets and the related decline of traditional cultures. One need not think those latter economic developments wholly bad in order to feel that they call for moral evaluation. (Hollander is wrong, too, on some points of fact: it seems false that an American-style suit and tie is more comfortable than traditional male dress everywhere. Summer in Calcutta would prove the contrary.)

Hollander says that anyone with good taste can create a good look. But suits themselves are remarkably different from one another. And she does not

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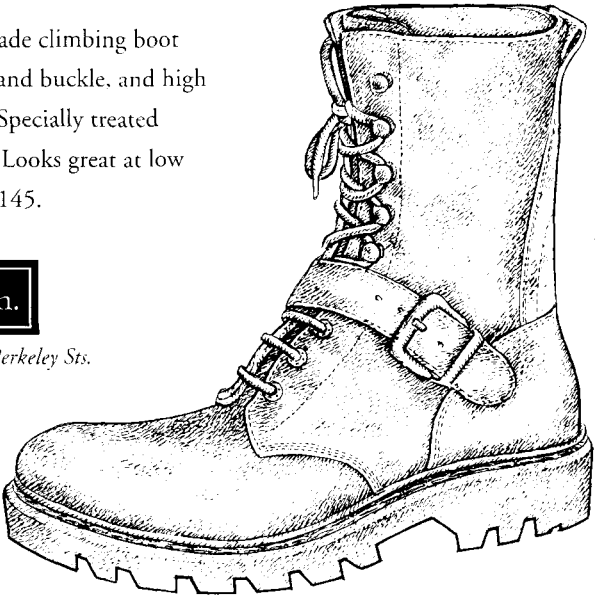

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mention what a really good suit costs—more, clearly, than the vast majority of people in this society can afford. Within the contemporary American context, Hollander does not take much interest in the issues of class that she rightly stresses in her account of the nineteenth century. Certainly it is correct that the suit, when it was introduced, was an equalizer, making the self-made bourgeois indistinguishable from the aristocrat. This is to some extent true today as well. Hollander rightly stresses that people from all origins can express their claims to respectability and status by dressing this way. But there are many walks of life in America in which we do not see suits; and even if she is again right to say that jeans and overalls are relatives of the suit, there are many subtle class distinctions evident in these differences.

Finally, the American culture of consumer fantasy that Hollander celebrates as democratic and delightful has its more questionable aspects. It has a problematic relationship to other aspects of culture, which it may be increasingly subverting. It seems dedicated to the creation of short-lived and ever-changing desires that are not clearly related to deep needs; these desires, in turn, engender a way of life that may well be in tension with the urgent needs of people elsewhere in the world.

Courtesy Ekstrom Library, University of Louisville, Kentucky

GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL, NEW YORK CITY, BY ESTHER BUBLEY, 1948

Sex and Suits is such a captivating book that one's larger moral and political sense is a little narcotized as one reads. But finally the question of the fairness and the goodness of the way of life praised by Hollander cannot be avoided as one reflects, with whatever delight, on what one has read. Still, if Hollander largely ignores moral struggle, she gives even her most ambivalent, moralistic reader a powerful reminder of the fun that people actually have living—and that is not a small part of moral and political life. As Aristotle put it, we make war so that we may enjoy peace: we engage in these urgent moral and political struggles in order to fight for a life that has delight in it, and playfulness, and freedom.

Gilles Lipovetsky's *The Empire of Fashion*, which was published in French in 1987, does tackle these serious questions, but in a peculiar way. In contrast to Hollander's book, his is a terrible bore. It is ponderous, abstract and gassy in the worst French manner. Lipovetsky notes, like Hollander and Perrot, that the fashion industry has created consumers with continually restless and shifting desires, always searching for the new; and, like Hollander and Perrot, he connects this idea with democracy, stressing the freedom that consumer culture gives to individuals to dream up an identity for themselves. But then he takes a further step. Acknowledging that many of the worst charges against this new culture are true—it has indeed bred nation upon nation of hedonistic narcissists wrapped up in trivial and superficial forms of pleasure—he now boldly asserts that it is this very fact that has enabled liberal democracy to survive in our century, and to extend itself.

How on earth might this be? Lipovetsky's idea is that the greatest danger to liberal democracy is fanaticism, and its expression in acts of individual and group hatred. But consumer narcissists are too busy staring at themselves in the mirror to give themselves over to the politics of hate. They do not wish to interfere with their neighbors, they tolerate their differences with equanimity, because they hardly know that their neighbors are there. The consumer society is an amiable, tranquilized society. (Lipovetsky's portrait recalls the "city of pigs" in Plato's *Republic*.) The paradoxical result is that "behind the scenes of seduction, the Enlightenment is at work; underneath the escalation of the ephemeral, the centuries-old struggle to conquer individual autonomy is under way."

How plausible is this? Like everything else in the book, this thesis is asserted abstractly and without empirical backing. There is no suggestion that the author has considered how such a thesis might be tested. But, like the view that men who masturbate to pornography do not rape, the view that the narcissistic consumer does no harm to others is testable, and ought to be tested. If it were true, for example, we might expect the political culture of California to be unusually free of ethnic and religious strife; but this does not appear to be the case. And we might expect that the advent of consumerism in Eastern Europe would have led to a decline in ethnic and religious violence; but this, too, does not appear to be true. Lipovetsky's proud assertion, made in 1987, that the European democracies are tranquil places of ethnic and religious harmony now strikes even him as a bit off. In a fascinating epilogue to the English-language edition, he grudgingly admits that the past few years have seen a considerable rise in ethnic violence, without any noticeable diminution in consumeristic narcissism. But he brushes this to one side, simply saying that all this violence is trivial, since it doesn't threaten the basic health of democratic institutions.

Still, there is an idea here, and it seems worth pursuing. It does seem possible, at least in principle, that the proliferation of sources of hedonistic self-fulfillment might divert erotic energy away from its noxious forms of expression. The real problem for Lipovetsky is that the culture he imagines and praises is not an Enlightenment culture any more. It is not inhabited by autonomous persons but by slaves of fashion, incapable of deep commitment and deep love. This Lipovetsky finally acknowledges at the end of the book, saying that the social system dominated by fashion will be characterized (or perhaps is so already) by a "tragic lightness ... a tragic dimension that cannot be eliminated." Fashion may make us gentle to our fellow citizens (if it does); but it seems to prevent us from having lasting fulfillment in personal projects or intimate relationships. "The euphoria of fashion has its counterparts in dereliction, depression, and existential anguish."

This depressing conclusion to a lengthy praise of the fashion world sends us back to Hollander. It makes us wonder how she would respond to Lipovetsky's portrait of fashion and to his confession of doubt. (Or how she

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has responded, for Lipovetsky's work appears, like Perrot's, in her bibliography.) Hollander would certainly draw our attention once again to the suit as an aesthetic achievement that manifests both modernity and constancy, that partakes of fashion but at the same time rises above it. In Hollander's argument, the suit expresses the yearning of cultures for a marriage of stability with delight, virtue with pleasure. It promises a satisfaction that is more enduring than the fad of the moment. It also allows both men and women to represent themselves as virtuous citizens who demand (and greatly enjoy) such stable adult satisfactions. Finally, it represents virtuous personhood as equal across classes and races and religious groups and national origins and even, now, the sexes.

If Hollander is correct (and I am extrapolating from what she says), we do not entirely need to rely on narcissism to bolster citizenship, for we still have an erotic attraction to civic virtue. Isn't it strange to derive such a serious proposition from analysis of suits? And wouldn't Kant have been somewhat revolted by a defense of his normative notions in these playful, erotic terms? Certainly it is odd, and certainly Kant would have been dismayed; but it seems that he would have been wrong. For people are, after all, complex combinations of personhood and animality, and if it turns out that a basically Kantian ethics can animate that complicated combination, so much the better. (Kant could use some help here from Aristotle, who was more friendly to the body.)

In Hollander's argument, which is both playful and serious, the Enlightenment wins not because we are too autoerotic to care, but because we have succeeded in eroticizing personhood and equality—not least in the suits we wear, which give rationalist cosmopolitanism a sexiness it might otherwise lack. This is a little too good to be true, and we should not be completely earnest about it, and it neglects many things. But it is not wholly false. Instead of "dereliction, depression, and existential anguish," we can see in our clothes the hope of equal personhood and dignity for all men and women of all nations—with "effortlessly integrated formal design," good tailoring, and knees and elbows pushing through the cloth.

MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM is University Professor at Brown University and the author most recently of *The Therapy of Desire: Theory and Practice in Hellenistic Ethics* (Princeton University Press).

The Gay Science

BY JONATHAN WEINER

The Science of Desire: The Search for the Gay Gene and the Biology of Behavior by Dean Hamer and Peter Copeland

(Simon & Schuster, 272 pp., $23)

"We do not even in the least know the final cause of sexuality," Charles Darwin wrote in 1862. "The whole subject is hidden in darkness." Not only the whole subject of sexuality: the whole subject of heredity was also hidden in darkness in 1862, though in that year a monk in a monastery garden was crossing tall pea plants and short pea plants, smooth peas and wrinkled peas, yellow peas and green peas, catching a first glimpse of what we now call genes.

Today heredity is out of the darkness. The subject is crosslit by tens of thousands of scientific reports. Biologists know its "final cause." This is the central accomplishment of twentieth-century biology, a success story that began promptly in 1900, when a few biologists rediscovered Gregor Mendel's paper on garden peas, which was half-buried in the *Journal of the Brňo Society of Natural Science*. By the early 1950s, biologists knew that genes are made of deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA. By the early 1980s they had traced the gene for Huntington's disease, and they had started to talk seriously about deciphering the complete set of human genes. (There are somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000.) By the early 1990s, the Human Genome Project was one of the most fast moving and closely watched enterprises in the history of science. The tools of the trade had now become so sophisticated that geneticists could turn from gene to gene, looking into the causes of some of the deepest problems in human nature, including sexuality.

Dean Hamer, a biologist at the National Institutes of Health, is one of the first to use the maps of the Human Genome Project as guides to this still-dark wilderness. Hamer used to study the gene for a protein called metallothionein. His work earned him an international reputation in his field, but after ten years of metallothionein he felt bored. One day in 1991, during a conference at Oxford, he went browsing in a bookshop and picked up Charles Darwin's *The Descent of Man*. Hamer had never read Darwin, aside from a few pages in college. He was surprised to find that most of *The Descent of Man* is about sex and sexual selection. The book made him wonder how much of human sexual behavior is in our genes.

In the bookshop Hamer also picked up *Not In Our Genes*, by the geneticist Richard Lewontin and two colleagues. Hamer was surprised to find that most of *Not In Our Genes* is about politics. The book argues that the varieties of human behavior—including sexual behavior—are shaped mostly by human culture, not by human DNA. *Not In Our Genes* makes this theme part of a Marxist manifesto. The first three chapters are "The New Right and the Old Determinism," "The Politics of Biological Determinism" and "Bourgeois Ideology and the Origin of Determinism."

Hamer could tell that if he had gone to a conference on the genetics of sex, instead of the genetics of metallothionein, he would not have been bored. He felt sure that at least some of our sexual behavior must be in our genes, and he wondered how much. That month he left the safety of his old project and began a very different one, which he describes in his book, written with Peter Copeland, a correspondent for Scripps Howard News Service.

What makes Hamer's story appealing is his modesty. He does not overplay his study, unlike the supporters and critics who pounced on it in the summer of '93, when he published his first results. His account never gets as overheated as the stories that ran that summer on front pages and prime-time news shows across the country. Instead Hamer walks us calmly and with some humor through the logical series of steps that led him out of the laboratory and into the streets.

Genetics is essentially the study of variations, as in Mendel's tall and short, green and yellow, wrinkled and smooth peas. To study the genetics of human

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sexuality, Hamer decided to look at one of its most salient variants. A large majority of human beings are powerfully attracted to the opposite sex, but a significant minority are powerfully attracted to the same sex. Hamer thought this variation should be studied at least as carefully and objectively as the monk studied the peas.

First, at the National Library of Medicine, which is on the NIH campus, Hamer did a computer search of the scientific literature. When he searched under the keywords "homosexuality" and "genes," he found only fourteen references, and most of those references turned out to be "rehashes of old data, speculation, and polemics." Fourteen papers is nothing in modern genetics: when Hamer searched under "metallothionein" and "genes," he found 654 references. Next, Hamer phoned two scientists who had worked on the genetics of homosexuality. As it happened, one of them, J. Michael Bailey, an assistant professor of psychology at Northwestern University, was just finishing a new and interesting study. Bailey had collected data on 110 pairs of twins, all men. At least one twin in each pair was gay. Bailey had found that among the pairs of identical twins in his sample, 52 percent were both gay. But among the fraternal twins, only 22 percent were both gay.

As Hamer explains, statistics like these are just what a geneticist would expect to find for a trait that is influenced, but not determined, by genes. Bailey concluded from his study that human sexual orientation is shaped partly by nurture and partly by nature: about half the variation in the human population is linked to environment, and about half to our DNA. These findings encouraged Hamer to do a family study. He would look for families in which the trait runs, then hunt for candidate genes. At the same time he would use his data to try to learn more about genetic factors in medical problems for which gay men are at high risk: AIDS, alcoholism and Kaposi's sarcoma.

Hamer's account of his project's start-up gives the reader a sense of how science works as a human enterprise: how much of it is meeting, talking, making trades, gauging chances, writing proposals. But this was not a routine proposal; this was not metallothionein. "To me the science seemed reasonable and the medical relevance obvious," he writes, "but I realized from the start that people are not always rational when it comes to sex." His boss, the chief of the Laboratory of Biochemistry at the National Cancer Institute, kicked Hamer's proposal upstairs. Her boss, the director of the Division of Cancer Biology and Diagnosis at the Cancer Institute, kicked it upstairs. "Since the law of bureaucracy is stronger even than the law of gravity, the proposal continued upward until it could get no higher: the desk of the director of the entire National Institutes of Health, Dr. Bernadine Healey."

After Hamer got Healey's approval, he had to get his own staff on board. His favorite technician was horrified. She could barely say the word "homosexuality." "I couldn't possibly work on that!" she said. "I'd be too embarrassed to give a seminar." She needed a lot of coaxing. Meanwhile Hamer himself had to learn how to study real people. His previous research subjects had been yeast and mice. He was going to have to interview large numbers of gay and straight men about their sexual feelings and fantasies, their childhood sexual histories, their current sex lives. He was going to need blood samples, too, not only from the men in his sample group but from their parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins.

Hamer did his homework, and soon he was collecting volunteers at places such as the Whitman-Walker Clinic, in Washington, D.C., which offers health services for gays and lesbians. He also placed classified ads in gay newspapers: "Research Volunteers Needed. Gay Men—Do You Have a Gay Brother?" Eventually he found 114 gay volunteers. The reason for the interviews was simple. Hamer needed to classify his subjects, to sort them by sexual orientation and by other factors, too. "Who's gay?" Hamer asks.

> Is it a matter of attraction, sexual behavior, or both? Is it defined by who people have sex with, or who they would like to have sex with? These are questions that have been debated by researchers, not to mention historians, sociologists, the courts and, most recently, the Pentagon. We decided to operate on the general principle that the more we knew, the better.

This sorting problem bedevils not just studies of sexual behavior but all studies of behavior, and most studies of genetics. The variations that Mendel studied in peas were clear-cut, which is why Mendel chose them. Each plant grew up either tall or short, and the peapods before they ripened were either yellow or green, and the peas were either smooth or wrinkled. But most variations are not either-or. And human sexuality is especially messy, murky, mercurial. "Sometimes," as Hamer notes, "a person's desires can change within a period of a few days or even minutes."

For his classification scheme, Hamer used a standard system called the Kinsey Scale, which was developed by Alfred Kinsey in his early sex studies during the 1940s. Kinsey divided sexual orientation into seven levels from zero, exclusively heterosexual, to six, exclusively homosexual. Hamer asked his subjects to rate themselves on this scale regarding several different aspects of sexuality, including fantasy and behavior. Tabulating the results of these interviews, he found that he had gotten different results from Kinsey. Where Kinsey reported a lot of gradation (which shocked people at the time) Hamer found a clear-cut division between gay brothers and straight brothers:

> INTERVIEWER: "The next question is about sexual fantasy. When you imagine yourself having sex with someone, for example, when you masturbate, what is the gender of that person?"
>
> BRIAN: "Why bother jerking off if you're not going to think about women? Give me a zero."
>
> MICHAEL: "Definitely men. A six."

Based on interviews like these, Hamer was able to sort almost all of his sample into two bins, gay and straight, with few people in between. Because this finding is controversial, and because it makes life more convenient for Hamer, it is likely to be a point of contention when other investigators try to replicate Hamer's study.

Still, Hamer does offer a number of reasons to trust his interviews. The information that investigators collect in this way has been shown to hold up under independent tests, including "a sexual lie detector called a penile plethysmograph." Such tests, Hamer says, show that the Kinsey scores he got "were not 'just talk.' They reflect erotic responses in the body itself." (Metallothionein was never as embarrassing as this.)

By June 1992, Hamer had collected information on seventy-six gay subjects and more than 1,000 of their relatives, enough data for him to begin checking for patterns. When he looked at the number of gay relatives in the families of his gay subjects, he found that the percentage was low—only a few percent. But when he looked at the mother's side and the father's side separately, he found a pattern. The gays' maternal uncles were much more likely to be gay than their paternal uncles. More maternal cousins were gay, too. As he stared at the percentages, he realized that certain peculiarities in his statistics suggested the involvement of a single one of the human chromosomes, the X, which is a sex chromosome. "It might sound a little hokey," he writes, "but the only word

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Every School a Charter

The charter school movement is the latest in a long line of educational panaceas, and right now there is a lot of impetus behind it. But it is no more likely to be a cure-all than any of its predecessors.

What exactly is a charter school? The laws that establish charter schools vary from state to state, but all of them encourage interested groups of people—teachers, parents, community members and even private businesses—to start a school or take an existing school out of the regular system and remake it. Charter schools are financed with state and local money, just like other public schools, but they are cut loose from bureaucratic rules and regulations. And depending on the state, people who run them may be free to establish their own curriculums and procedures, hire the staff they want and handle their own finances. In other words, they have the power to do their own thing and, presumably, to make their school what they think it ought to be—without interference from the central office or the school board.

Freeing people to do their own thing is no guarantee of educational excellence or of permanent change.

This sounds very appealing, and supporters of charter schools are convinced that giving people a chance to exercise their creativity will result in large numbers of schools that are as excellent as they are varied. They also believe that charter schools will be engines for long-term change: By attracting serious students and good teachers, they will exert pressure on regular schools to improve themselves by doing similar things.

The trouble is, freeing people to do their own thing is no guarantee of educational excellence or indeed of permanent change. We've already had charter schools in this country, in the sense of schools that were experimental and largely put together and supported by parents and teachers. If you look at newspaper clippings from the 1960s and 1970s, you'll see many enthusiastic stories about alternative schools—as they were called then. Like today's charter schools, they broke away from tradition and school bureaucracy and tried all kinds of new and exciting things. But few of them endured, and they had no impact on education in general.

For the most part, schools that are based on the "vision" of a small group of people don't last very long. Those who are involved work very hard at creating their school and then—well, maybe the leader who inspired them gets hired away to a different school or leaves to write a book. Or the teachers get burned out or the fads change. And the whole thing self-destructs.

But suppose the charter school movement *were* to achieve exactly what its supporters hope for? Suppose it led to a string of excellent schools that reflected the idiosyncratic visions of their creators and became local institutions? Charter schools would still be a recipe for chaos.

We live in a society where families are very mobile, and kids are likely to go to several different schools before they graduate. The fact that individual school districts have a good deal of control over curriculum already creates serious problems. Even though most districts use text series, which have similarities in the materials covered, teachers can never be sure what kids who are new in class learned last semester. Usually, they play it safe by repeating a lot of the material.

With a system of charter schools, commonalities would disappear. Some schools might base their program of study on community service and internships while others might use local museums and libraries and computer labs as their classrooms. We would see schools centered around gender or ethnic studies—there would undoubtedly be Afrocentric charters, for example—but there would also be charters with traditional, book-centered curriculums. What would happen when a student transferred from one to another?

With a non-system like this, it would also be impossible to know which schools are doing well with their students and which are not. Schools claim that graduation rates tell you, but graduating from high school is no guarantee that a student knows anything. And given the current low standards, being admitted to college isn't either.

The charter schools that we are hearing about are a terrific way for people to exercise their ingenuity and creativity—but they won't solve our educational problems.

What we really need—at the very least—are statewide curriculum frameworks and statewide assessment systems. Then, students and teachers in every school will know what kids are responsible for learning and whether or not they have learned it. And we should add statewide incentive systems that link getting into college or getting a job with achievement in high school. Once those things are in place, why limit charter schools to five or ten or a hundred? Why shouldn't every school be a charter and enjoy the kind of autonomy now being offered to only a few?

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

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that came to mind was, 'Eureka!' "

Now began the molecular slog-work, as Hamer and his team looked for some small section of DNA that the gay subjects might have in common. This is a big job, since the human genome contains 3 billion letters of DNA. Still, sooner than they expected, Hamer found a genetic marker, a small subset of the 3 billion letters, that looked promising. The marker was located in a region called Xq28, at the very tip of the long arm of the X chromosome. Xq28 happened to be a relatively well-mapped region in the genome. Geneticists already had found a gene for color blindness there, and a gene for hemophilia. Myopia and diabetes have genes in Xq28. In Hamer's sample, thirty-three out of forty pairs of gay brothers shared the same series of five markers in Xq28. The odds of that happening by chance were less than one in 100.

Hamer's report appeared in the journal *Science* on July 16, 1993. As it happened, July 15, 1993 was President Clinton's deadline to the Pentagon for its new policy on gays in the military (the policy that would become known as "Don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue"). So homosexuality was the story of the week, and Hamer's study caused a small explosion. He was grilled by Ted Koppel on "Nightline," the *National Enquirer* ran a thoughtful story about his work ("SIMPLE INJECTION WILL LET GAY MEN TURN STRAIGHT, DOCTORS REPORT"), and gay and lesbian bookstores began selling T-shirts: "Xq28—Thanks for the genes, Mom!"

Of course, Hamer still hasn't found the genes—only a link between homosexuality and a part of one chromosome. "We narrowed the search to the neighborhood, the X chromosome—and even the block, Xq28—but we didn't find the house," he writes. The genes in question are probably somewhere between a marker called GABRA3 and another marker called DXYS154. There are about 5 million letters of DNA between those two markers, and it will take much more slog-work to find the genes (each of which is likely to be a few hundred to a few thousand letters long).

Hamer is still looking. Until he actually finds them, it remains possible that his results are a fluke. He may be looking in the wrong place; or the genes may not be there at all. Other recent announcements in the field of behavioral genetics have been false alarms, including genes that were supposed to be linked to manic depression, schizophrenia and alcoholism. But geneticists who have read Hamer's report say that he has done a solid and impressive piece of work. In *The Science of Desire*, Hamer claims that even Lewontin gave the work his blessing, when Hamer presented it at Harvard. "As far as he was concerned, Lewontin said, our study was scientifically sound," Hamer writes. "I was forgiven. I wasn't sure if I should kiss Lewontin's ring, but he ducked out of the lecture hall without speaking directly to me."

Hamer and Copeland have performed a service by putting together a clear and capable book about a difficult subject. It is hard to write about a piece of research when it is controversial and unfinished, and when the implications for society are controversial and unresolved, too. We are lucky the project attracted a scientist like Hamer. But then, there was a self-selection process at work here. Not many scientists would have taken on this project. There were reasons why so little research had been published before. If Hamer does find what are now known vulgarly as gay genes, the discovery will be a political orphan.

The right won't like it because the work will suggest that homosexuality is at least partly natural. Studies that point in this direction can be dangerous to the scientists who conduct them. Four decades ago the Kinsey Report was vilified in Congress; Kinsey lost his funding and was driven to an unhappy death. A few years ago a team of scientists proposed to redo Kinsey's survey; their proposal was approved by NIH but blocked in Congress by William Dannemeyer and Jesse Helms. ("Mr. President," Helms said on the Senate floor, "let me just say that I am sick and tired of pandering to the homosexuals of this country.") The survey went ahead without government support, on a stripped-down budget.

The left won't like Hamer's discovery either, because it will suggest that some kinds of homosexuality can be "cured." (See the *National Enquirer*.) The left doesn't want a study that will make homosexuals more vulnerable. A generation ago, Nazis sent homosexuals to Auschwitz wearing pink stars. In the next generation, eugenicists would have much more powerful tools for tracing gay genes and "purifying" the gene pool. The kind of information that Hamer is collecting could lead to discrimination against homosexuals even sooner than that. Insurance companies could begin to charge more for those who have gay genes, based on their customers' statistical odds of contracting AIDS. And what will parents do about gay genes? Will they want to abort a fetus for homosexuality, the way they can now abort for Down syndrome? As Hamer points out, this kind of domestic eugenics could cut both ways. One can imagine subcultures that would screen *for* the gay gene. So far, no one is saying this out loud; but in principle parents could screen today, using the information that Hamer has already published. If a pregnant woman had a gay brother, for instance, and she was expecting a son, she could ask a genetic testing service to check whether her baby and his uncle shared the same suspect stretch of Xq28. If the genetic markers matched, she could abort.

Genetic counselors should refuse to perform such a test. It would be crazy on *many counts, including simple odds*. Even assuming Hamer is right, Xq28 is only the first piece in a big puzzle: there may be 100 genes and 1,000 experiences that help make us straight or gay. And genes can't be the whole story, or identical twins would always share the same sexual orientation, which they don't. A boy with his gay uncle's genes could grow up straight. Hamer does not even know what fraction of gay men carry the gene. It could be one-twentieth of the gay population, or it could be two-thirds. His educated guess at this moment is about a tenth—again, assuming that he is right about Xq28. In his sample, men who carry the gene are more than twice as likely to be gay than men who do not.

Is it worth it? Do we really want to know? In the end Hamer argues that "when it comes to sexuality, we have far more to fear from ignorance than from knowledge." There he has to be right. Science can not cure prejudices, but the lack of science lets them fester. In fact, homosexuality is so stigmatized, surrounded by so much irrational fear, that the objectivity of Hamer's approach seems almost revolutionary in itself. And the study is powerful because, as an anonymous reviewer of his *Science* paper wrote, "a genetic study by its very nature gets at the initiating event in the causal chain."

Thanks to the discovery of DNA, the second half of this century has belonged to the biologists, the way the first half of the century belonged to the physicists. For the next half-century we will be watching modern biology accelerate and we will be living with the consequences, just as we are now enjoying and enduring the gifts of modern physics. Hamer's study gives us a view of the kind of explosions to come. There may be discoveries in the human genome that we will regret knowing, just as much as we now regret some of the discoveries of the atomic physicists. This seems to be the human prospect. It isn't boring.

JONATHAN WEINER is the author most recently of *The Beak of the Finch: Evolution in Real Time* (Knopf).

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Wild Oats

By David Underdown

First Among Friends: George Fox and the Creation of Quakerism by H. Larry Ingle

(Oxford University Press, 407 pp., $45)

Of all the religious sects that erupted in the chaotic aftermath of England's seventeenth-century revolution, only the Quakers have survived and prospered. Readers familiar with the austere respectability of a twentieth-century Friends' Meeting might be surprised to read accounts of their behavior in the early days. Quakers marched into churches, shouting at the ministers to come out of their pulpits and stop deluding the people, denouncing them as dumb dogs and hirelings. They rushed naked through streets and marketplaces, calling on people to repent. They organized flamboyant bits of street theater such as the one in which the Quaker prophet James Nayler rode into Bristol with women strewing palms before him. It is not surprising that austere Massachusetts Puritans recoiled from them with horror, and executed them or banished them to the wilderness of Rhode Island.

The Quakers were not, in fact, the most extravagant sect of the 1650s. The Ranters claimed to worship God through smoking, drinking and fornicating. The Diggers rejected private property and established an egalitarian commune on a hill in Surrey. The Fifth Monarchy Men looked forward to a sort of fundamentalist dictatorship in which only the "saints" (themselves, naturally) would rule. In the chaotic years that followed the English civil wars, we repeatedly encounter movements in which a spirit of radical idealism reminiscent of the 1960s seems to be combined with the intolerant millenarianism of sections of the religious right in more recent times. And like the wilder elements of the left in the 1960s, their English predecessors had relatively short life spans, all either vanishing from the scene or becoming the preserve of tiny handfuls of eccentrics soon after the monarchy was restored in 1660.

All, that is, except the Quakers. They flourished through years of persecution and spread into the far corners of the earth. How and why they did so is explained in H. Larry Ingle's informative biography of the movement's original leader, George Fox. They survived because they found a way to harness and organize the dynamic, idealistic individualism that inspired the movement's first generation. After 1660 they brought under control the wild enthusiasms that had originally made them notorious, establishing the regular weekly and monthly meetings through which structure, discipline and respectability were imposed on their members. Fox was not the only person responsible for this transformation, but as Ingle shows, he played a decisive part in it.

This was a remarkable achievement for a self-educated artisan in a society in which wealth, social position and education counted for even more than they do today. George Fox was born in 1624 in the small village of Drayton-in-the-Clay in the English midlands, the son of a weaver. Reasonably prosperous by local standards, the Foxes were still far below the level from which the country's leaders in church or state were normally drawn. George may have had a few years of elementary schooling, enough to teach him to read and write, but he was soon apprenticed to a shoemaker in a neighboring hamlet. So far this sounds like a typical life story from the faceless multitudes historians regularly encounter in the parish registers and other local records of the time. But in 1642, at the age of 18, Fox was swept away by the mood of uncertainty and rebelliousness generated in so many people by the outbreak of civil war between King and Parliament; a year later he took to the road, wandering through the countryside, searching for something to give meaning to his life.

After three years of uncertainty he found it, in one of those blazing conversion experiences that have transformed the lives of so many born-again Christians since Paul. In Fox's case, he heard a voice pronouncing that "there is one, even Christ Jesus, who can speak to your condition." Salvation, he quickly recognized, came not from following the teachings of others (not even those of the Baptists, the sect to which Fox was closest during his travels), it came only from within, from personal conviction, from the "inner light" that he was soon to make the spiritual anchor of the movement he headed.

The idea was not, of course, totally original. Since the time of the fifteenth-century Lollards, there had been rebels who saw the institutional church as a barrier between man and God, and had proclaimed that salvation came only from the internal acceptance of God's spirit. Their numbers had grown during the ferment of the 1640s. Soon after the war ended (Fox somehow managed to avoid being drafted to fight in it) he began to attract like-minded followers. Some of them had a habit of trembling, or "quaking," when in the throes of religious enthusiasm, and the word was soon applied to all his adherents. By the early 1650s their numbers were growing, especially in the barren, poverty-stricken north of England. The Quaker movement had been born.

In those early days its members were far from being all of one mind. Still, some characteristic Quaker beliefs can be identified. They believed, first of all, that institutionalized religion was a barrier, not a means to salvation. "God dwells not in temples made by hands," Fox told an enraged preacher whose sermon he had just interrupted. They rejected the doctrine of predestination, the central orthodoxy of the mainstream Puritan sects, which condemned the majority of humankind to eternal damnation, and instead offered salvation to all who would freely follow the leadings of the "inner light." "Christ had come to rule in our hearts," Fox insisted. And they believed that Parliament's recent victory in the civil war gave them the opportunity, the duty even, to prepare the way for the apparently imminent establishment of God's kingdom. "The Day of the Lord," Fox repeatedly proclaimed, was at hand. This millenarianism, which the Quakers shared with other religious radicals, gradually subsided as first Oliver Cromwell and then Charles II gave proof that the day of the Lord had somehow been postponed. In the early years, however, it was a powerful component of Quaker thinking.

The transformation of the Friends that Fox engineered, from a collection of zealous enthusiasts to a disciplined, organized movement, was neither a smooth nor an easy process. He had himself set plenty of audacious examples of resistance to authority in the early days—defying the clergy who wanted to shut him up, the constables who tried to keep order, the magistrates who demanded

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that Quakers show deference by removing their hats when brought before them. Even during the years of greater respectability after the Restoration, he was willing to violate unjust laws (those forbidding religious meetings of lay people outside the established church, for example) and to go to prison for long periods, often in appallingly inhumane conditions, rather than compromise his beliefs. His fundamental principle, following the "inner light," required the believer to act according to the dictates of the individual conscience, however directly this might challenge the authority of government. So it was somewhat paradoxical when Fox invoked his own authority to refute the arguments of Quaker dissidents—people infected with a "Ranter" spirit, he called them—over such issues as the organization of meetings, the role of women in the movement and even the removal of hats by men during prayers.

Ingle surely is right to emphasize both the rebel and the organizer. Fox's heated denunciations of university-educated ministers, who had, he thought, stolen true religion away from the people, struck responsive chords in many people in those heady days of apparent liberation from episcopal intolerance in the 1640s. His opposition to the compulsory payment of tithes to support the clergy of the establishment, whether Anglican or Presbyterian, was also a popular stance; his arrival in the Pennine dales in the winter months of 1652 coincided with a virtual anti-tithe revolt in the locality. Historians have often noted the Quakers' success in attracting socially prominent people to their side; Fox eventually married one of them, Margaret Fell, the widow of a wealthy landowner, judge and member of Parliament. But Ingle makes it very clear that such people were the exceptions. The propertied gentry generally regarded the Quakers as dangerous demagogues who threatened to turn their world upside down. Fox's appeal was always to the poor and the marginal. In Ingle's words:

> For many who watched a tenth of what little they owned siphoned off by a large church or a rich laity, it must have been exhilarating to hear a preacher clad in rough leather and speaking much like themselves declaim ... that God "would give power to become the sons of God, as he had done to me."

What is less clear in Ingle's account is why those same poor people should so often have turned against the Quakers, deaf to the message of empowerment that they preached. Time after time Fox and his fellows would come into a small town and be greeted, not by people eagerly wanting to listen and be saved, but by savage mobs wielding clubs and stones. Their usual explanation, one accepted by many later historians (including Ingle), was that the mobs were not autonomous vehicles of popular feeling, but paid thugs, rent-a-crowd hirelings, set on to it by the gentry or the clergy.

This may have been true in some places, but I think it is also an oversimplification that misses something very important about seventeenth-century society and culture. The truth is that the Quakers threatened not only the rich and powerful, but also what little authority even many poor men possessed, that is to say their authority over their wives and families. By giving women the right to disobey unconverted husbands and even to speak publicly in meetings, in defiance of the patriarchal norms that almost everyone, from the highest to the lowest, accepted without question, the Quakers indeed were trying to turn the world upside down. Even the poorest farm laborer or clothworker might feel that his assumptions about his place in the social order—his "family values" if you like—were undermined by such teachings and that the safest thing was to make the intruders leave town.

This surely explains why Fox and the Quakers were so often accused of being witches. Witchcraft was part of the devil's scheme to undermine and to overturn the wonderfully stable natural and social order that God had created, and was this not what the Quakers were doing? Witches did not have to be toothless old hags, they could also be articulate women like Nayler's friend Martha Simmonds, and even men like George Fox, to the extent that their teachings also pointed toward the upending of age-old distinctions of rank and gender. Fox claimed to exercise healing powers that some people attributed to sinister, supernatural influences, and the intensity of his preaching was itself sometimes seen as satanic. Once when he preached at Ulverston, not far from the Fells' house at Swarthmoor, the clergy who heard him, Ingle tells us, "were convinced they had witnessed witchcraft or sorcery."

It is easy to miss the revolutionary implications of Quakerism if we allow ourselves to be lulled by its later moderation and respectability. By the standards of their own times, their behavior was astonishing and outrageous. What could Thomas Fell have made of it when he returned home from a business trip to find that an unknown, garrulous, uneducated "mechanic preacher" named Fox had calmly walked into his fine Elizabethan mansion with two of his companions, had immediately established a powerful influence over his wife and was now conducting a campaign of evangelism in the neighborhood? It is a tribute to Fell's tolerance and sympathy for religious nonconformity that although he never became a Quaker himself, he did not throw Fox out of the house, as most returning husbands surely would have been tempted to do.

Ingle tells his story sensibly and responsibly, making careful use of Fox's *Journal* and the other (happily plentiful) Quaker sources. He misses some opportunities—the Quaker leader would be a promising subject for psychological study, for example, with his visions and his fits of depression, yet Ingle does little or nothing with them. And he makes such a hash of Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate that one wonders if he is fully at home in this part of the period. His writing lacks the color and the richness of Christopher Hill's *The World Turned Upside Down*, which in 1972 captured the spirit of its own and

Round

What was the need like driving rain
That struck the house and pelted the garden
So poorly planned? What was the creature
That needed to hide from the stunning torrent
Among the piers of the stone foundation
Under the house

That groaned in the wind? The seedlings floated
And spun in furrows that turned to runnels
Of muddy water while the hidden watched
Apart from the ones that lived inside.
The house was pounded and stung by the wind
That flailed the siding

And pried at the roof. Though the beams looked sound
The rooms all shook. Who were the ones
Shaken inside and the one that hid
Among the stones all through the storm
While the whole failed garden melted to ruin?
What was the need?

ROBERT PINSKY

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Fox's times and brilliantly placed the Quakers in the context of the counterculture of the 1650s. His book has also been overtaken by Phyllis Mack's *Visionary Women*, a remarkable recent study of Quaker and other women prophets, which brings to bear the best insights of feminist scholarship and in the process transforms the accepted picture of the early Quaker movement. Mack shows that the contributions of women such as Martha Simmonds, usually seen as hysterical and unbalanced, were far more central than embarrassed Quaker historians have liked to admit and that we cannot begin to grasp the full significance of the movement without taking account of the way it challenged contemporary assumptions about gender relations.

Although Ingle does not sufficiently pursue the implications of this aspect of his subject's life, he does recognize the importance of the issue of the women's meetings, perhaps the most distinctive of Fox's organizational contributions. In a sense, Fox was caught in the middle. Remarkably, for his time, he accepted that women and men were spiritual equals, and that the ban imposed by the churches on public witnessing by women was wrong. Women could expound God's truths as well as men. And yet, however much of a role he was willing to give to the administrative abilities of Margaret Fell, he was a man of his time, and he did not believe that women were the equals of men in intellect or strength. So he came to see their active participation in Friends' meetings as a distraction.

It also gave a convenient opening to the Quakers' enemies, who were always ready to give a scandalous twist to stories like the ones about the malign influence allegedly exercised by the (married) Martha Simmonds over James Nayler. A woman freed from the spiritual authority of her husband would soon demand freedom from his sexual authority, so such episodes made it all too easy to charge Quakers with encouraging immorality, the destruction of the family and all the other anarchic implications of a "world turned upside down." The establishment of separate women's meetings during the period of consolidation after the Restoration was a natural compromise solution. It left real authority with the men's meetings and did not challenge the patriarchal social order, but it gave the women enough influence—over matters of morality and the welfare of the poor—for them to feel genuinely part of the movement.

Ingle also is less enlightening than one might wish on another important characteristic of the Quakers, their well-known pacifism. Although the subject surfaces at several points in the book, his narrative method prevents him from dealing with it systematically. Still, some important points can be extracted from these scattered passages. The most important one is that, like so much else in Quakerism, the "peace testimony" was a pragmatic response to political circumstances, rather than a coherent doctrine based on religious or moral principle. Its origin seems to have been in Fox's promise in 1655 not to take up the sword against Oliver Cromwell when the Protector suspected the Quakers of plotting against him. But for a long time Quakers differed among themselves about whether they could use force to protect themselves or their beliefs, and in 1659 they were widely believed to be aiming at a violent takeover of the English state (producing a "great fear," which Ingle, curiously, scarcely mentions).

Only after the Restoration, when the danger of a backlash from an idiotic revolt by a handful of Fifth Monarchy Men made the Quakers run for cover, was the "peace testimony" widely publicized. But it continued to create problems, especially when Quakers had to take on the responsibilities of government, as had happened in Rhode Island by the 1670s. As Ingle points out, Quakers were then having to "live in the world," no longer enjoying the luxury of being a minority sect concerned only with the welfare of its own members. Inevitably there were compromises—over slavery in Barbados and Jamaica, for example—as there were soon to be over the peace testimony by many Rhode Island Friends during King Philip's War. Ingle gives a brief account of Fox's American journey in 1671, which was undertaken with the aim of underpinning his authority over the numerous meetings in the colonies, but he does not seriously explore the issue.

Fox died in January 1691, striving to the end to keep the Quakers in the narrow path between anarchic individualism and excessive centralization. It was largely his achievement that they managed to do so, surviving into later centuries because they built an effective organization without ever completely sacrificing the inspiration of the inner light. No one really replaced him as leader of the international movement. The most famous of the next generation, of course, was the aristocratic William Penn, friend of James II and founder of Pennsylvania, but although he created a colony he did not exercise the kind of influence over the English meetings that Fox had done.

Fox's death followed by only two years the "Glorious" Revolution of 1688-89, which established the supremacy of Parliament in the English state, and soon afterward enacted at least a measure of religious toleration. So the heroic age of persecution coincided roughly with Fox's lifetime. After it ended, there was some falling off in Quaker zeal. They were no longer a dynamic, evangelizing sect; their numbers declined and by the early eighteenth century had stabilized at just under 1 percent of the English population, mostly drawn from the respectable urban middle class. In the new age of Enlightenment Quakers, like most other people, found the old enthusiasms embarrassing. They were less inclined to speak or prophesy at meetings, more likely to leave witnessing to the "public traveling Friends" or "recorded ministers" who were the nearest things to a clergy that the movement allowed. The testimony of individuals tended to be submerged in the consensus of the group. This is not what Fox intended, but it may have been the necessary price that the movement paid for its survival. When a new religious revival erupted, it was the Methodists who took over the work of evangelizing among the poor. Still, Friends never completely abandoned the downtrodden and the oppressed, and something of the old Foxian spirit can be seen in the Quakers' early prominence in the anti-slavery movement and in the cause of penal reform.

To understand the Quakers properly we need to return, as Ingle enables us to do, to their origins in Britain's seventeenth-century civil wars. This is still contested historical territory, and it has recently been fashionable to deny that there was anything revolutionary about the period at all. If we accept this argument, however, we still need to explain what it was that impelled men to kill and be killed by their fellow countrymen, what it was that inspired those astonishing demands for political and religious liberty that erupted between 1640 and 1660 and echo down succeeding centuries. Ingle's may not be the perfect biography of Fox, but it is nevertheless valuable in reminding us of the most important dimension of the history of the seventeenth century, which was the searing intensity of its religious beliefs.

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ORANIENBURG DIARIST

Hallowed ground

"DO NOT DIG OR TRESPASS, UNDER penalty of law," warns the sign planted in a grassy field just outside Sachsenhausen, the former Nazi concentration camp here. But the warning is unnecessary. Those few visitors who come here do so out of respect. All you can hear is the wind in the trees, or the whoosh of a passing car. This quiet *Denkmalschutzgebiet*—protected monument zone—has a gloomy pull on me, not only for its stillness, but also for the moral ironies it presents. Thousands who died at Sachsenhausen are buried under this site, but those victims are Germans.

WHEN THE WEHRMACHT CRUMbled, the Soviet army took over Sachsenhausen, Buchenwald and the other Nazi camps in what was to be East Germany. From 1945 to 1950 Stalin's NKVD used them for local Nazi Party officials and Wehrmacht soldiers. The Soviets also imprisoned political dissidents and thousands of teenagers whom they had arrested, almost always falsely, on suspicion of armed resistance. Overall, 60,000 Germans were interned at Sachsenhausen, at least 13,000 of whom died in captivity. In 1950 the new East German authorities turned the camp into an army base and swore released inmates to silence. Not until 1989 could researchers dig up the German bones lying under a field where East German tanks had drilled.

THE QUESTION AROSE: HOW TO memorialize the dead? And that, in its way, resurrected a classic puzzle of moral equivalence: Who was worse, Hitler or Stalin? For Germans, of course, such questions have always opened a Pandora's Box. (Last summer skinheads vandalized Buchenwald after they entered carrying flowers for the mass grave of the NKVD camp.) Since unification, however, the matter has been raised ever more daringly. This year's anniversary of the 1944 coup attempt against Hitler by Wehrmacht officers set off an emotional debate over the exclusion of Communist resisters from the official commemoration. Conservatives defended the decision, saying the Communists opposed Nazism in the name of something just as bad.

IN THE SAME SPIRIT, ORGANIZAtions representing German ex-prisoners of the Soviets have demanded recognition equal to that of Nazi camp victims. They insist that Germans imprisoned at Sachsenhausen were mostly innocent and suffered an even higher death rate, per capita, than those at Hitler's camps. There is no denying either the suffering in the Soviet-run compound or the emotions of its survivors. Indeed, a fine new T.V. film by East German director Joanne Geick, *Sechs Weihnachten* (Six Christmases), tells of thirty-eight German high school boys interned by the Soviets at Sachsenhausen, fourteen of whom died there. Geick's interviews with weeping, middle-aged survivors, intercut with windswept footage of the Brandenburg plains, evoke Claude Lanzmann's *Shoah.*

BUT HISTORY DOES not support the simile. At Sachsenhausen, the Nazi and Soviet ways of death were distinguishable. The vast majority of the 100,000 who died at Hitler's camp were deliberately murdered or worked to death. Those who died at Stalin's camp died of hunger and disease. Though many post-1945 inmates were innocent, many others were willing henchmen of Hitler. Located near Berlin, Sachsenhausen was an administrative and training center for all Nazi camps. Rudolf Höess trained here to command Auschwitz. The "camp" was virtually a city. Oranienburg teemed with S.S. black shirts; townspeople jeered prisoners as they were marched down the streets. "Not a pencil went to a concentration camp without being ordered here," explains Dr. Gunther Morsch, the curator of the site. "Not a can of Zyklon B was shipped that was not ordered here."

THE EAST GERMAN REGIME OBscured these truths, just as it suppressed the truth about the Soviets' use of the camp. When the Communist state finally dedicated Sachsenhausen as a monument in 1961, it was to glorify the working class, not to plumb the meaning of the Nazi barbarism in which so many German workers had taken part. Exhibits, some still in place today, emphasized cruelties against Communist prisoners and Soviet POWs, and downplayed the fate of what a guide pamphlet from East German times called "stateless Jews" (10,000 of whom died in the camp). Big Communist rallies were held at Sachsenhausen; East German schoolchildren and foreign visitors to Berlin were paraded through—all to show that, as the guide leaflet put it, "we in the German Democratic Republic have conquered the Nazi ideology of master races, anti-Semitism and racial hate."

FACED WITH THE PROTESTS OF JEWish groups and survivors of the Nazi camp, Brandenburg state formed a commission of historians, which, in 1992, concluded that the Nazi camp was worse than the NKVD camp and should therefore be emphasized in the new exhibitions. Though this did not go far enough for some survivors of the Nazi camp, the questions of moral equivalence surrounding Sachsenhausen are now under the conscientious care of Morsch, a young historian. He plans to make Sachsenhausen a kind of participatory museum, where visitors follow the path prisoners once took from the gates to the barracks—or to the execution ground where the Nazis' Soviet prisoners were shot, or to a "medical" experimentation cellar where eleven Jewish children were tortured to death. Exhibits on the postwar Soviet camp will be understated and proportionate—the *Denkmalschutzgebiet* outside the walls, plus a small display in one barracks.

SO FAR, MORSCH HAS BEEN ABLE TO mount a few provisional exhibits, including one about Sachsenhausen's Jews. But since federal funding for Sachsenhausen depends on how much the state government antes up, and since Brandenburg is poor, Morsch is short of funds. He estimates the cost of rehabilitating Sachsenhausen at $15 million to $20 million; yet all three former camps in Brandenburg have a combined annual budget of only $5 million. (The government spent $73 million on the upbeat new museum of postwar German history in Bonn, a pet project of Chancellor Helmut Kohl.) I ended my tour admiring the determination of Morsch and his colleagues to resist the relativization of their country's multiple totalitarian pasts. When Brandenburg police occupied yellow barracks that used to belong to the S.S., Morsch even obliged them not to hold prisoners there. Still, his work may never really be done. Barracks 38 at Sachsenhausen, where the Nazis held Jews, is a charred ruin, destroyed in a molotov cocktail attack two years ago. To date, no one has been convicted of the crime. Morsch says he wants to rebuild Barracks 38 as a memorial exhibit about the Jewish prisoners this year, when funds become available.

CHARLES LANE

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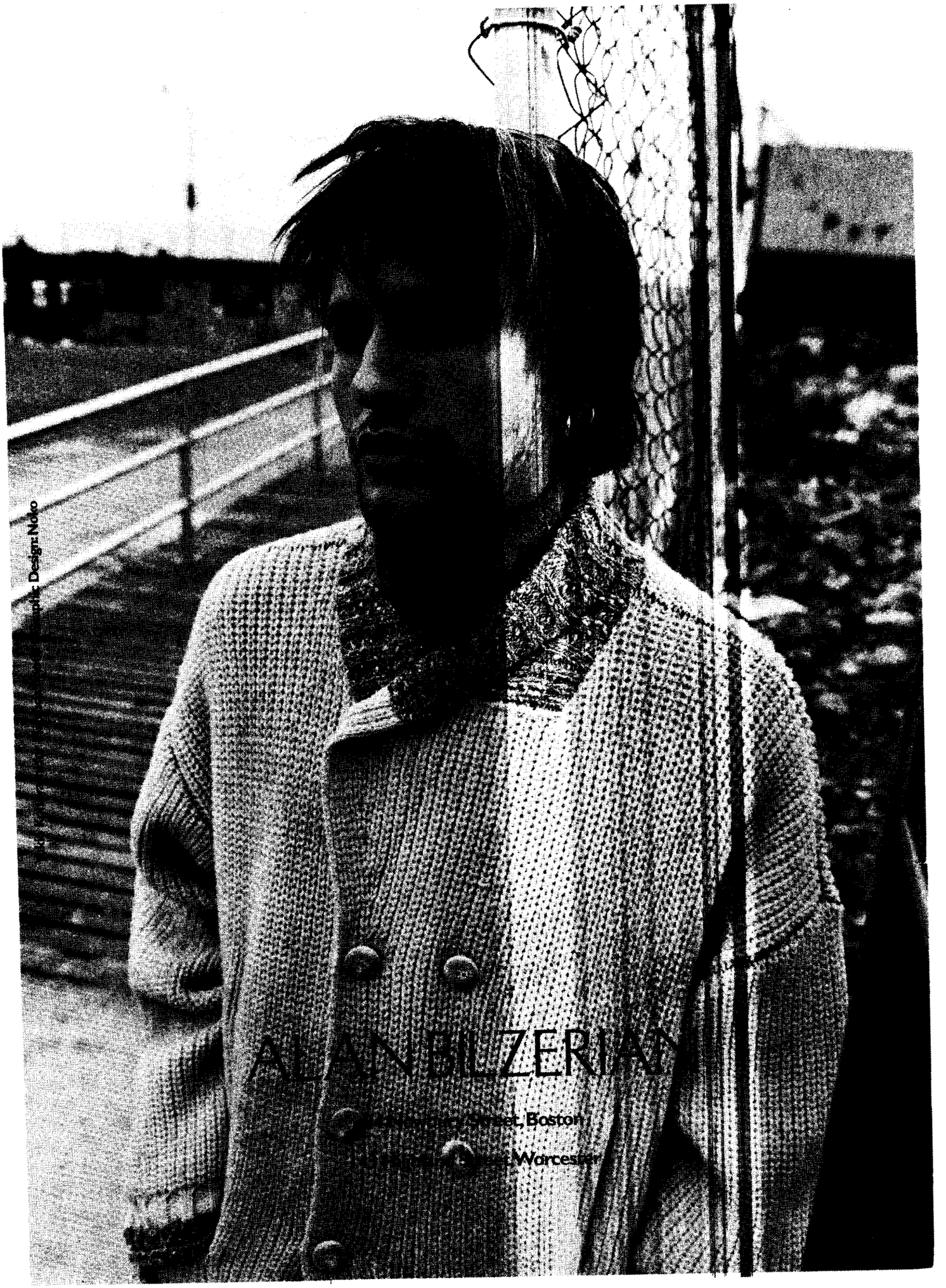

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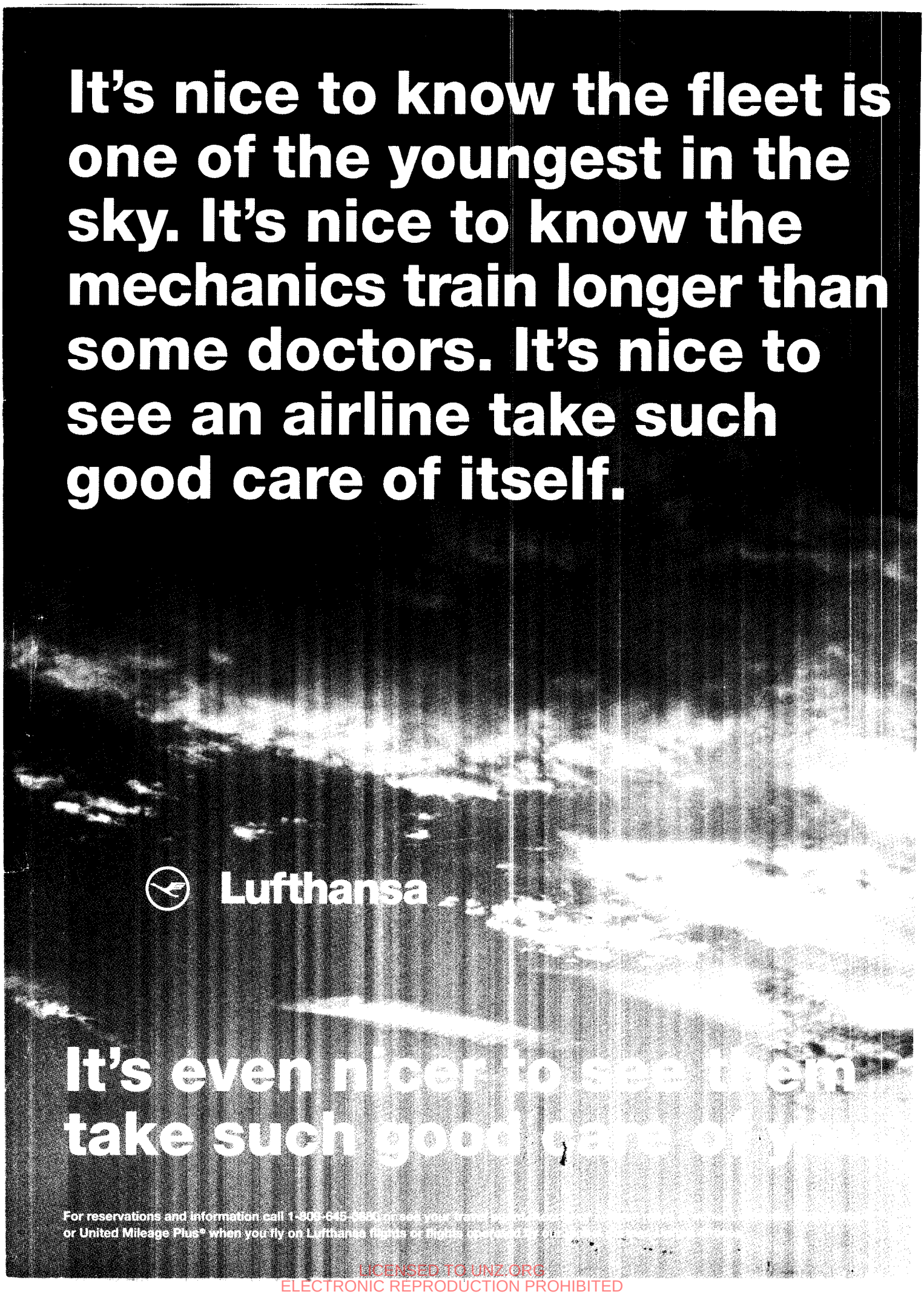
It's nice to know the fleet is one of the youngest in the sky. It's nice to know the mechanics train longer than some doctors. It's nice to see an airline take such good care of itself.
Lufthansa
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